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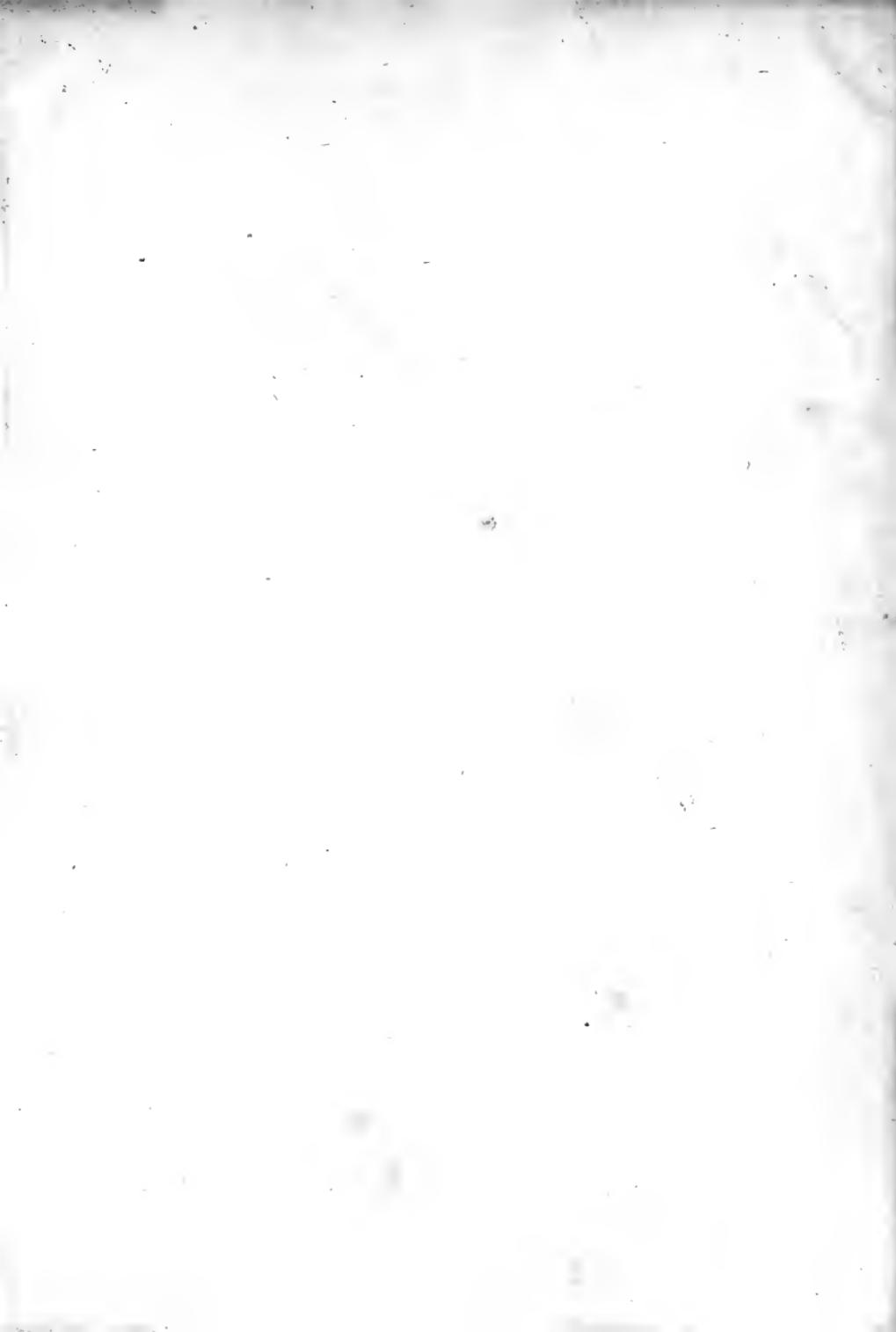


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The \* Glen 1710  
British Musical Miscellany,  
or, the  
Delightful Grove:

Being a Collection of Celebrated  
English, and Scotch, Songs,  
By the best Masters.  
Set for the Violin, German  
Flute, the Common Flute,  
and Harpsicord.

VOL. III.

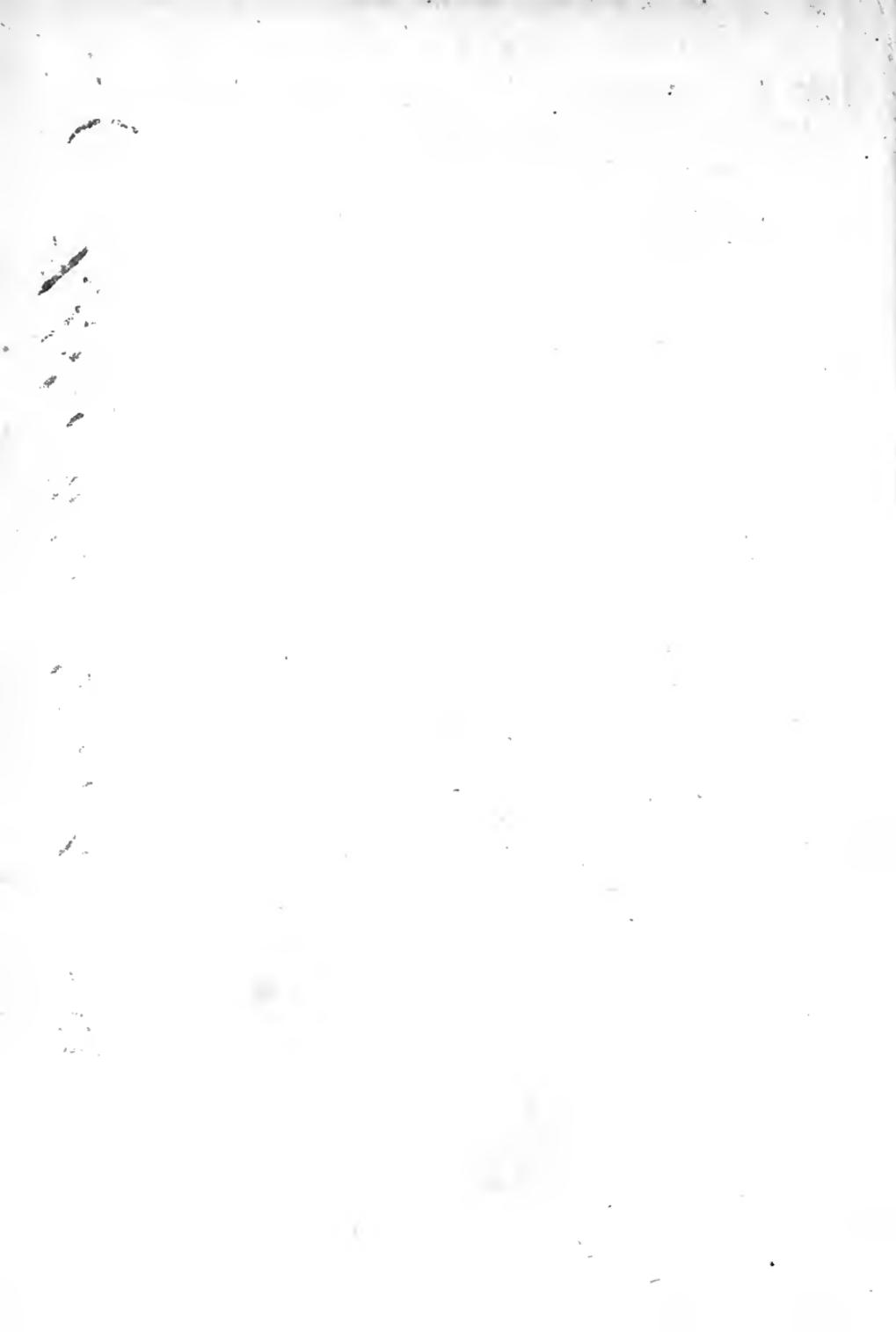
Engraven in a fair Character, and  
Carefully Corrected.

London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer,  
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,  
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N° 542.

Where may be had just Publish'd. Apollo's Feat, contain-  
ing 400 celebrated Songs for Voices and Instruments;  
Collected from all M<sup>r</sup>. Handel's Operas, in 4 Vol.

Delightful Grove / 1853





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A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL in PASTOR FIDO.

BEAUTEOUS Nymph.

far hence be gone, and take thos[e] fa... tal Charms a... way: Too much

harm, e'en now they've done, and I am lost if you shou'd

stay. That

tempting Eye, bewitching Air, my too unwa... ry heart en-

snare. Oh! if you love me, then forbear; Oh! then forbear.

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## F L U T E .



## Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, Said CUPID, bend thy Bow with speed, Nor

let the Shaft at random rove, For JEANY's haughty Heart must bleed.

The smiling Boy, with divine Art, From PAPHOS shot an Arrow keen, Which

flew, unerring, to the Heart, And kill'd the Pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,  
 Refuses WILLY's kind Address;  
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,  
 But too much Fondness to suppress.  
 No more the Youth is sullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the Green,  
 Whilst every Day he spies some new  
 Surprising Charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind.  
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,  
 Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind:  
 Riches he looks on with disdain,  
 The glorious Fields of War look mean;  
 The cheerful Hound and Horn give Pain,  
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,  
 Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems;  
 When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his Dreams.  
 All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than TROY's Prize, the SPARTAN Queen,  
 With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,  
 And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

### F L U T E .



## The EXPOSTULATION.

TELL me, CHLOE, why you fly me. Nature meant thee  
 ever kind: Form'd thee Fair as Love's own Mother,  
 Prithee, like her, form thy Mind.

Taste those joys, all joys surpassing,  
 Which are found in Lover's Arms;  
 Cease to scorn him who adores you,  
 And surrender all your Charms.

Least the Boy, urg'd by his Mother,  
 In great rage revenge my pain,  
 And CHLOE made to love another,  
 Who returns her cold disdain.

## F L U T E.

Adagio e Piano.

Andante.

MYRA, MYRA, MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,  
 Too long your scorn I've prov'd, your scorn I've prov'd, too long your scorn, your  
 scorn I've prov'd. MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,  
 too long your scorn I've prov'd, under that treach'rous smile, too long, too long y  
 scorn I've prov'd. Sym.

Love with thy pow'rful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge that killing Pride,

Love, let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd, Love with thy  
 pow'ful fway, in some uncommon way, revenge her killing Pride,  
 let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd. Da Capo.

A LOVER's Excuse for his INCONSTANCY.

No more my dear SILVIA, tell me I rove, I'm constant you know to <sup>e</sup>  
 Great God of Love; To Love I am fworn, to Love I am true, and follow his

7

dictates as Lovers shou'd do, But if CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, if  
tr

CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, I must do so too, I must do so.  
tr

too, If CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too.  
tr

From Beauty, to Beauty, the wanderer flies,  
 And still with new Charms his Quiver supplies;  
 When from a new Beauty, he takes a fresh Dart,  
 The Eyes that supply him, soon pierce to my Heart.  
 But if CUPID, &c.

From CHLOE, BELINDA, and AMORET's Charms,  
 To PHILLIS, and DELIA, and CLORIS's Arms,  
 I follow'd the God till he led me to you,  
 And as he leads on, thus I still must pursue.  
 But if CUPID, &c.

FLUTE.

# A Song on the Prince & Princess of Orange.

NASSAU prepares for Martial Toils, Another Labour waits the Fair.

Oh! in their first Campaign ye Pow'rs, Assist the unexperienc'd Pair: Protect, while

Deaths around him fly, Her pangs with swift companion view,

That he old Heroes may out vie, And she present a race of new.

## FLUTE.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE at the THEATRE in DRURY LANE.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

CROWDS of

Coxcombs thus deluding Oglung Chatt'ring Cringing

tr  
Flatt'ring By Coquettting and by Pruding all are Victims

tr  
to my Art. While at will the fools I'm lead. ing they be-

4\* b3 b3 b3  
lieving I deceiving With fond hopes themselves they're feeding

tr  
ARLEQUIN has all my Heart. ARLEQUIN has all my Heart.

## FLUTE.



## A SONG Set by Mr. SMITH.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake

off the Chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-

move, More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My Captiv'd fancy Day and Night,  
 Fairer, and fairer represents,  
 BELLINDA form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the Groves,  
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree,  
 The happy Birds chirping their loves,  
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.

When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,  
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,  
 And all the Graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles, and killing air,  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.

Awhile my mind delighted flies,  
 O'er all her Sweets with thrilling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;  
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear  
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to my self I turn my view,  
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:  
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,  
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

### F L U T E .

The musical score consists of two staves of music for Flute. The top staff is in 6/8 time and the bottom staff is in 4/4 time. Both staves use a treble clef. The music includes a variety of notes: eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, along with rests. The top staff features a prominent bassoon line that provides harmonic support. The bottom staff has a more melodic line with sustained notes and rests.

Set by Mr. LAMPE.

MEN born on Earth like o-ther Brutes With scorn their creeping kind de-  
 ride But tho' they boast superior parts The odds is on-ly in their Pride. If  
 JOVE who temper'd first the Mass Inclines to mould it o'er again The  
 Man degen'rates in-to Af's The Af's is polish'd in-to Man.

## FLUTE.

## To SALINDA.

Sweet ELTHAM let the Dryads of thy Groves, Forgive my  
 malice and restore my Joy: Impatient o'er thy lawns my  
 En...vy roves, Till rais'd Resentment wou'd thy Charms destroy.

Why dost thou still divide my Soul and Me.  
 Soft as the breath of Spring, that fans thy Bow'r's,  
 Tell her, the Kings, who once were Lords of Thee,  
 With far more mercy, held Inferior Pow'r's.

Tell her, that Summer's past and Autumn fades:  
 And weak'ning Suns, unwilling lustre shed:  
 Tell her, Her Absence faddens life with shades:  
 And leaves all Sense, but that of Anguish Dead.

## FLUTE.

Dear CHLOE, while thus, beyond Measure, You treat me with.  
 Doubts and Disdain, You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure, And  
 hoard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim, that Love is still founded  
 On Charms that will quickly de...cay; You'll find to be very ill  
 ground...ed, When once you its Dictates o...bey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,  
 By kindness you ought to improve;  
 Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,  
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love!

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,  
 And Darknes's possest all the Skies.  
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his Side.  
 You've often regarded with Wonder  
 He's Dropfical, She is fore-ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,  
 And at Night, when old DARBY's Pot's out,  
 His JOAN will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possest,  
 Their severall Failings to smother;  
 Then, what are the Charms, can you guesst,  
 That make them so fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,  
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow,  
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,  
 The best of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,  
 No Sicknes, or Time can remove;  
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,  
 And Age brings the Winter of Love:  
 A Friendship insensibly grows,  
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these,  
 The Current of Fondnes still flows,  
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

### F L U T E .

## A SONG Set by Mr. MARTIN SMITH.

TEN Years, like TROY, my stubborn Heart, Withstood th' af-  
 fault of fond Desire; But now a-las! I feel the smart, Poor  
 I, like TROY, am set on fire.

With Care we may a Pile secure,  
 And from all common Sparks defend;  
 But oh! who can a House secure,  
 When the Cœlest flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes,  
 Destructive fires are brightly given:  
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,  
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

## F L U T E.

17

A SONG the words by MR. IERSEY. sett by MR. GLADWIN.

When charming Clo-e gently Walk's or sweet-ly -

smiles or Gayly talks No Goddess can with her com -

pare so sweet's her look so soft Her Air

In whom so many Charms are plac'd

In with a m'nd as Nobly Grac'd :||:

With sparkling Wit with solid sence

And soft Perswasive Eloquence

In frameing her Divinely Fair

Natures Employ'd her utmost care :||:

That we in Cloe's form shou'd find

A *Venius* with Minerva's Mind

## LOCHABER for 2 Voices

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Lean* where heartfome with  
 thee I have mony Day been for *Lochaber* no more *Lochaber* no  
 thee I have mony Day been for *Lochaber* no more no  
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These  
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These  
 Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the  
 Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the  
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough  
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough  
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...  
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...

turn to *Lochaber* no more

turn to *Lochaber* no more

Tho Hurricanes rise and rise ev'ry Wind  
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind  
 Tho loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar  
 That's uathing like leaveing my love on the shore  
 To leave thee be hind me my Heart is fair pain'd  
 By Ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd  
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave

Then Glory my *Leany* maun plead my Excuse  
 Since Honour commands me how can I refuse.  
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee  
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be  
 I gaethen my Lafs to win Honour and fame  
 And if that I should luck to come Glorioufly hame  
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love runting o'er  
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more

## A Civil Truth The Words by MR MANLY

When first *Belinda* I survey'd your easy form and  
 Mien to my pleaf'd view at once ap-pea'rd A  
 - nother Cyprian Queen

With Unaffected Air and Grace  
 You shine the Queen of Love  
 Compleat your Shape with Angells face  
 A Mistres fit for Love.

Great Love a God by all Confeit  
 Oe'er power'd by Danaes Charms  
 A Tempting shower dropt on her Breast  
 And Melted in her Arms

He fwell'd his Pleasures thus Inspir'd  
Undoubtedly to Prove  
 That Gods themselves with Passions fir'd  
 Are Epicures in Love

If thus the God cou'd change his shape In  
 In Masquerade to Kifs  
 Let us his Godship Imitate  
 And take a leading bliss

21  
A SONG Compos'd by MR LAMPE

I'll  
Court the fair Idols no more to Comply if long on my knees I must.  
plead Nor from their refusals Conclude I must Die conclude I must  
Die but think I shall sooner succeed succeed but think I shall sooner suc-  
ceed I'll Let th'insipid Lover his passion discover by his  
sight and his languishing Eyes to my Charmer I'll

go where a Whisper a Whisper or so makes way to the .

Fountain where pleasures Arise makes way to the fountain where

pleasures where pleaf -

fures where pleasures Arife makes .

way to the fountain the fountain where pleasure arise where

pleasures where pleasures arise.



Sung by MR CLIVE in TIMON in LOVE by MR LAMPE

From the Age of fifteen we Women 'tis true have Husbands or

Lovers or both in our View If we dres and look Gay at the

Court or the Play 'tis as much as to say We went but for

Asking to give all a way

## Ye Gentle Gales A SONG

Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the  
 Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret  
 pain my endless love

And at the breezy close of Day  
 When she does seek soom cool retreat  
 Throw Spicy odours in her way  
 And scatter Roses at her feet

That when she fees their colour fade  
 And all their pride neglected lye  
 Let ihe instruct the lovely maid  
 That sweets not gather'd timely Dye

An when she lays her down to rest  
 Let some Ambitious Visions show  
 Who'tis that loves *Camilla* best  
 And what for her I undergo

## On PRINCESS AMELIA.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

YE Nymphs of BATH, prepare the Lay. Why, why are you so  
 flow to Pay? A-ME-LIA claims the Song: But if you fear to  
 strong your Cause, Go bor-row from the Croud ap-  
 plause, And rob the Publick Tongue.

Sweet as her softly-flowing Name,  
 Sweet is AMELIA's rising Fame;  
 And as her virtue, Great:  
 Attend, ye Nymphs, the fav'rite found,  
 And what from Shore to Shore goes round,  
 Let AVON's Banks repeat.

See, see, and sure you can no less,  
 See how the thronging People press!  
 Who, dwelling on her Face,  
 Cry, is she then of BRUNSWICK's Line?  
 Are, all like Her, are all Divine?  
 And blest the Royal Race.

Encircled by our British Fair,  
The Boast of Nature and her Care!

AMELIA charms alone;  
And will it not your Ear amaze,  
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,  
And Pride to be out-shone?

But chief, our Youthful Heroes trace,  
While humbly on that Form they gaze,  
And tell us their surprise!

Yet how, ye Nymphs, can that be said?  
No, no; let's be content to read  
Their wonder in their Eyes.

F L U T E.



The DIFFIDENT LOVER.

WHEN CLOE was by DA-MON seen, What Heart cou'd be un-

mov'd? She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, ad-mir'd, &

lov'd: He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And full of grief and  
 Care. He knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely, charming  
 fair, the lovely, charming fair.

CLOE deserv'd a better Swain;  
 He, not so fair a Bride:  
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,  
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd;  
 Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,  
 For CLOE's case is thine;  
 I dare not ask, so much I dread —  
 Must DAMON's fate be mine?

F L U T E .

## HYMEN in CHAINS.

YOUNG STREPHON, who, through ev'ry Grove, Had chas'd the

fleet ing God of Love: Met HYMEN, once, who cro's'd his

Joy. And chain'd the am'rous cap-tive Boy.

Happy the Swains, who only stray  
 Where Love and Pleasure lead the way;  
 Where HYMEN's Arts can never move,  
 And Love receives no tie but Love.

## F L U T E .

AH! SYREN charmer, turn a-gain, You hide your face from  
me, in vain. Already, I've receiv'd my fate, And now, to save me,  
'tis too late, And now, to save me, 'tis too late.

The love, that darted from your eyes,  
My heart has taken, by surprise:  
And, tho' you turn, and fly away,  
He'll revel here, both night and day.

Alas! nor stratagem, nor force,  
Can, from my breast, his pow'r divorce.  
No claim of yours, on him, can be  
So strong, as that he owns from me.

What is his shadow, in your sight,  
But like the scatter'd beams of light?  
His substance, in my bosom, dwells,  
Like fire, that scatter'd light excells.

## F L U T E.

## A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym.

6 6 66 66 43 6 6 6

tr

tr

Go CU-PID flatt'rning Chit,

go tell my once lov'd fool I'm turn'd a Rover, CUPID, go CU-PID

flattering Chit, more tell her (and 'tis fit) sh'll be the ri-dicule of

6 6 6

ev 'ry Lo- ver CU-PID,

Sy.

6 6 6 6

Sy.

tell her, more tell her sh'll be the ri-dicule of ev 'ry Lo-

VOL. III.

Handwritten musical score for a solo instrument (likely piano) with lyrics. The score consists of eight staves of music with corresponding lyrics. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '6' and '7' on the first staff. The lyrics describe Cupid's mischief and the resulting reactions of lovers.

ver, CU-PI-D tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-

culé of ev'ry Lover.

Beauty, without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o - - - - -

ver, Beauty without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o - - - - - over. Da Capo.

## FLUTE.

Handwritten musical score for Flute, featuring 12 staves of music. The score is in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes various dynamics and articulations such as 't' (tremolo), '3' (trill), and 'sv.' (sforzando). The parts are labeled 'Sy.' (Soprano) and 'So.' (Soprano). The score concludes with a 'Da Capo' instruction at the bottom.

Handwritten musical score for Flute, featuring 12 staves of music. The score is in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes various dynamics and articulations such as 't' (tremolo), '3' (trill), and 'sv.' (sforzando). The parts are labeled 'Sy.' (Soprano) and 'So.' (Soprano). The score concludes with a 'Da Capo' instruction at the bottom.

Da Capo

Love's Conquering Dart,  
Has pierc'd my Heart,  
With all thy wondrous Charms;  
Nor can I rest,  
Untill poffess'd,  
Enfolded in thy Arms.

## The ANSWER by Mr. MANLY.

Too easily  
Believing, we  
Are caught with fond Address,  
Nor can we fly,  
Altho' we try,  
To shun all your finesse.

Thus, Reason weak,  
By Passions pow'r,  
Incautiously we run,  
Into the Net,  
That's for us fet,  
Tho' sure to be undone.

APOLLO, once finding fair DAPHNE alone, Discover'd his flame  
 in a Passionate Tone; He told her, and bound it with many a Curse, He  
 meant for to take her for Better for Worse: Then he talk'd of the  
 Smart, and the hole in his Heart, So large one might drive thro' the  
 passage a Cart, But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great amazement,  
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,  
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear:  
 You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel or Whoreson;  
 Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,

Young, plump, and well made;  
 Then let me careſt thee, and be not afraid.  
 But still ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Physicians, and none of the College  
 Must be mention'd with me for Experience and Knowledge,  
 Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,  
 And do more than the best Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,

I cure all the Ills,

That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the Bills;  
 But still ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
 And top all the Writers of fam'd COVENT-GARDEN;  
 I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Patron of Wit;  
 I Set my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:

I'm at WILL's all the Day,

And each Night at the Play;

And Verſes I make fast as Hops, as they ſay;  
 When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her speed,  
 And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now had our wife Lover, (but Lovers are blind)  
 In the Language of LOMBARD-STREET, told her his mind;  
 Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;  
 Oſbobs, I muſt Kifs thee, my Joy and my Honey;  
 I ſit next the Chair,  
 And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,  
 Neither CLAYTON, nor DUNCOMB, with me can compare,  
 Tho' as wrinkled as PRIAM, as deform'd as the Devil,  
 The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.



## SLEEPY BODY.

O SLEEPY Body, drowsy Body, wiltuna waken and turn thee: To drivel and  
 draunt, while I sigh and gaunt, gives me good reason to scorn' thee. When thou shouldst be  
 kind, thou turnst sleepy and blind, and shoter and shores far frae me, Wae.  
 light on thy face, the drowsy embrace is enough to gar me betray thee.

A SONG Compos'd by Mr. LAMPE.

57

Piano

Piano

Forte

Farewel A.

Forte

Piano

MELIA love...ly Fair sweetest of thy Sex a...dieu sweetest

tr

of thy Sex a...dieu Farewel AMELIA lovely

VOL. III.

Fair love

ly fair      sweetest      sweetest

of thy Sex adieu      a - dieu      a - dieu      sweet - est

of thy Sex a - dieu

Angels take her

to your care since she most resembles you since she

most resembles you Angels take her to - - - your

care since she most re - sembles you. Da Capo

## FLUTE.



Da Capo

The Wrangling LOVERS A Scotch Song

JOCKY and LENNY to Kirk went to gather, JOCKY took LENNY for the

term of her Life JOCKY and LENNY fell out for a Feather, LENNY blam'd

JOCKY and JOCKY his Wife JOCKY said this thing, and LENNY said

that and so they fell Arangling tho they knew not for What,

JOCKY said LENNY was grown a pert Hussy,  
LENNY said JOCKY was a testy Old fool  
With rangling and Jangling they Kept their tongues moving  
JOCKY was Master but LENNY would rule  
With Snarling and biting they both are grown Old  
JOCKY a Nisey and LENNY S a Scold

# The Happy Lover

Sheet music for 'The Happy Lover' in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of eight staves of musical notation with corresponding lyrics in English.

Why does my Heart thus restless prove, What wou'd the  
tedious trifler have. A lass I fear I'm sick of Love the  
Fool is caught fair MYRA'S Slave. Great God of  
Love to ease my Pains and cure those Ills too  
late I find I beg not you wou'd break my Chains  
but in the same my fair one bind.



The SPINNING LASS.

My Maid Mary she minds her Dairy While I go a howing and mowing each Morn round y little

Spinning Wheel Merily runs the Reel Whilst I am singing a mong st y Corn, Cream and

Kisses is all my Delight She gives me then y dear Toys at Night she is as soft as the Air

in y Morning fair I never saw Maiden more pleasing a sight.

Whilst I whistle, she from the Thistle  
 Does gather Roses to make our soft Bed  
 And then my little Love shall lye,  
 All the Night long and Dye,  
 In the dear Arms of her own dear Ned,  
 There she shall taste of a delicate Spring,  
 But I dare not tell you nor name the Thing,  
 It will set you a wishing and think of kissing,  
 For kissing cause sighs when Young Men should sing:

Thacks of Rushes and tops of Bushes,  
 Shall thatch thy Roof and strew thy Flowr,  
 O'er the little Hills and Dales:  
 The pretty Nightingirls,  
 Shall fly to us and shall neer be Poor,  
 Little Lambkins when e'er they dye,  
 Shall bequeath new Blankets to thee and I  
 Our Quilts shall be Rofes while June exposes,  
 So sweet and so soft my Dear Love shall lye.

Fountains pure shall be thy Ew'r  
 To sprinkle Water upon thy fair Face:  
 And the little Flock shall play,  
 All the long summers Day  
 Gently with Lambs to adorn that place,  
 Then at Night we'll hie home to our Hive  
 And like Bees enjoy all the sweets alive,  
 We'll enjoy Loves Treasure And taste of Loves Pleasure,  
 Whilf others for Fame and greatness strive.



## The flighted Swain set by MR HANDEL

Cloe proves false but still she is charming, Nature like Beauty her  
 Temper has made, Subject to change, o're each Heart she will  
 range, always alarming, ever disarming, never dismay'd.

Banish my fence or let her not flight me  
 Love ne'er was made to inherit disdain

Love is a Bubble  
 That gives Mankind trouble  
 Reflecting Extacy  
 Drops with the Simile  
 Airy and vain

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me  
 And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly  
 Haste to thy Mother  
 And beg for another  
 Cloe the Mark must be  
 Make her to pity me  
 Ere that I Dye



The Lady's Dream sett to Musick by S.G.

I Dreamt I saw a Piteous sight, young *Cupid* Weeping lay;  
 until his Pretty Stars of light had wept themselves a way.

Methought I ask'd him why he wept,  
 Mere Pitty lead me on.  
 He deeply sigh'd, and then reply'd  
 Alas, I am undone!

As I beneath yon Mertle lay,  
 Close by *Dianas* springs,  
*Amintor* stole my Bow away,  
 And pinniond both my Wings.

Alas, say'd I, 'twas then thy Bow,  
 Where with he wounded me.  
 Thou art a *God*, and such a Blow,  
 Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be,  
 On that ambitious Swain.  
 I'll set thy Wings at Liberty,  
 And thou shalt fly a gain.

And all the service on my part,  
 That I require of thee,  
 Is that you'd wound *Amintor's* Heart,  
 And make him die for me.

The Silken Fetter I unty'd,  
 And the gay Wings Display'd,  
 He Mounting gently Fann'd and cry'd,  
 Adieu fond Foolish Maid!

At that I Blush'd and angry grew,  
I should the *God* believe,  
But waking found my Dream too true,  
Alas I was a Slave.

47.

Handwritten musical score for two staves. The top staff is in 3/4 time, B-flat major, and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time, A-flat major. Both staves feature eighth-note patterns with various slurs and grace notes.

## Charming Cloe A New Song

What e'er I do, where e'er I go, my Cloe's all my darling  
 Theme; By Day no other thought I know, by Night no  
 o-ther, by Night no o--ther pleasing Dream.

The Flow'rs that paint the Fragrant Mead,  
Are Emblems of my blooming Dear:  
My Cleo' there I faintly read,  
For Elvira smiles less Winning Fair.

## 3

The spicy Gales which fann the leaves,  
 And gently curl the Crystal Flood,  
 Describe my *Cloe* when the breaths  
 Ten Thousand Sweets throughout the Wood

## 4

The Birds that *hail* the genial Spring,  
 And warbling grace each vocal Spray,  
 Surpafs'd by *Cloe* hang the Wing,  
 And ceafe their various trilling Lay.

## 5

The Lamb that Skips with bounding heels,  
 Along the dewy verdant Plain,  
 My *Cloe's* Innocence reveals,  
 My *Cloe's* pleafant fprightly vein.

## 6

Beauty and Sence in Ample grace,  
 In full perfection gayly dreft,  
 Charm us in *Cloe's* mind and face,  
 And sweetly rob us of our ref't.

## 7

*Minerva* wife, and *Venus* fair,  
 Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;  
 Fly then ye Swains, nor pry too near:  
 To gaze alafe... is to be dead.

Sung by Mr. SALWAY in COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain? Who, to gain a

Moment's Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain? Idle toying, ne'er enjoying Pleas'd

with suing, Fond of Ruin, Made the Martyr of Disdain, Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover  
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,  
 Fondly Blessing ev'ry Lover,  
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:  
 Never flying,  
 Still complying;  
 Train'd to please you,  
 Glad to ease you,  
 Circled in her snowy Arms!

F L U T E.

The musical score for the Flute consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music includes various note heads (circles, squares, triangles) and rests, typical of early printed music notation.

## The DETERMIN'D NYMPH.

OH how you Protest, and Solemny lie, Look humble, and  
 fawn like an Afs! I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see A  
 Lover that's brought to this pafs. But keep farther off; you're  
 naughty I fear; I vow I will never yield to't. You ask me in  
 vain, for never, I swear, I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go.

No more of the Lover remains;

In haste you depart, whate'er we can do,

And stubbornly throw off your Chains;

Desist then in time; let's hear on't no more;

I vow I will never yield to't:

You promise in vain, in vain you adore;

I never, no never will do't.



Hap me with thy PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I paſt the Day in  
Pain, When Night returns I feel the Smart, And wish for thee in vain.  
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm, Have Pity and in-cline, And  
grant me for a Hap that charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze  
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,  
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my Arms.  
 But, waking, think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure  
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just Reward that's due to Love,  
 And let true Passion die.  
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize  
 That lovely Breast of thine;  
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight  
 That beauteous Form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,  
 By hind'ring the Design.  
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

## F L U T E.



## A SONG in BRITTANNIA Set by Mr. CAREY.

tr      tr

NOBLE Stranger, I ap - prove thee, And a Heart sincere resign; For thy  
 Virtues fake I love thee With a Passion most Di - vine. From a  
 Godlike race de - scended, I my darling He - ro chuse, With such  
 wond'rous worth attended, Who would such a Pri - ze re - fuse.

## F L U T E.

## A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym.

Andante Allegro

Lovely BELINDA, wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion  
 rais'd by th'o Eyes. Sym. Lovely BELINDA.

wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion rais'd by th'o Eyes.

won-der of Nature, won-der of Nature, won-der of Nature,

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This block contains the musical score for 'A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.' It features ten staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The score is divided into two parts: 'Andante Allegro' and 'Lovely BELINDA, wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion'. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic structure with various chords and basso continuo parts. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with 'Sym.' appearing in the vocal line during the 'Andante Allegro' section.

smile on a Passion rais'd by thoſe Eyes. Sym.

All the ſoft Graces ſhine in each feature, daily giving

fresh ſurprize, day -

ly

all the ſoft Graces ſhine in each feature, daily giving

fresh ſurprize, dai - ly giving fresh ſurprize.

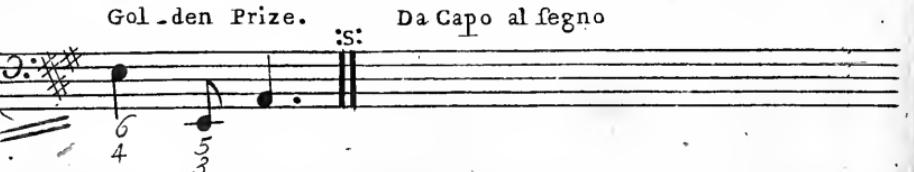
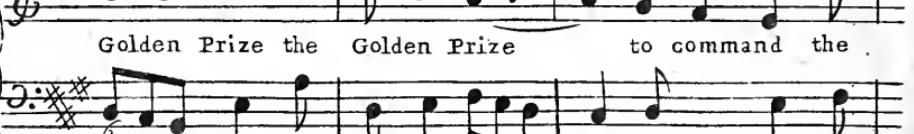
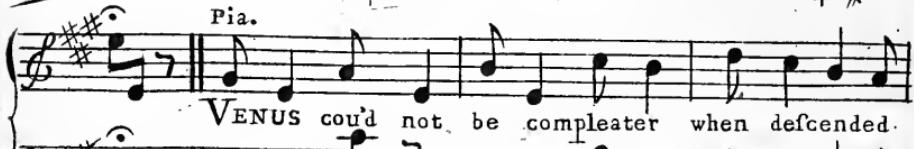
For.



Sym.



Pia.



Observe observe yon tunefull Charmer that Wontonly Skips from

Tree to tree, how sweet the Sings now Nought does A larm her. and

She has ob-taind her Libert-ty So that my Dear now Dangers over

thy Ioy discover gay-ly Sing now thou art free D:Capo

Flute



Hamstead) A Song set by M<sup>r</sup> Seedo

HAMPSTEAD Delight of evry Senfe and Blifs of every ravish'd Eye  
 at sight of the our Joys commence but absent from thee soon  
 they Die O may thy Verdure ever Bloom and all thy sweets the  
 Air per-fume and all thy Sweets the Air per fume

Hail ev'ry Grove and flow'ry Plain  
 Where Nature redolent of Charms  
 Invites each happy Nymph and Swain  
 To revel in each others Arms  
 May Youth and Beauty ever smile  
 And HAMPSTEAD'S ev'ry Care beguile

Around the Wells refreshing Place  
 Fair youthful Beauties sweetly rove  
 Rich in the Charms of ev'ry Grace  
 T'inspire the Soul with softest Love  
 Whil'st fighting Youths their Hearts resign  
 And pay their Vows at Beavty's Shrine

In the gay Movements of each Dance  
 The Brave and fair fond Love impart  
 And with each step such Joys advance  
 As dye the Cheek and foot the Heart  
 Mufick and love without Control  
 Thus fix the Heart and fire the Soul ,

*Flute*



Set by M. Smith

The bubbling Water's constant course  
From off th'adjacent Hill  
Was mournful Echo's last Resource  
All Nature was so still

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade  
By Sorrow fore oppres'd  
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid  
His pain he thus exp'res'd

Ah wretched Youth why did'ft thou love  
Or hope to meet succeſſ  
Or think the Fair would constant prove  
Thy blooming Hopes to bleſſ

Find me the Rose on Barren Sands  
The Lilly midſt the Rocks  
The Grape in wide deserted Lands  
A Wolf to guard the Flocks

Thoſe you alaſſ will ſooner gain  
And will more eaſy find  
Than meet with ought but cold diſdain  
In faithleſſ Womankind

Riches alone now win the Fair  
Merit they quite deſpife  
The conſtant Lover thro' Deſpair  
Beaſtſe not Wealthy dies

As SAPPHO Crof'd the Dang'rous fea in PHA-ONS.

Fond Pursuit too fad to sing to fan to Play she

wept up - on her Lute but when the woud her

woes re-hearfe how sweet-ly Flow'd her Tongue her

Lute in spired with tune and Verfe un thought she

Play'd and Sung

Voll III

# The L'remonition Set by Mr Lampe

Where ever DAMON thou shalt rove O Bear me with thee.

in thy Mind If Walk-ing in the ver-dant Grove or on some

flow'ry Bank re-clind Still let my faith full I - mage

be A-mong the shades retir'd with Thee.

2  
If perch'd upon some pointed Thorn  
The Nightingale renew's her strain  
Let it remind thee how forlorn  
While thou art Absent I complain  
And when <sup>2</sup> I hear the Widdow'd Dove  
Think I like her deplore my Love

3  
Or should <sup>u</sup> y wander where some Brook  
Does o'er <sup>3</sup> Pebbles murm'ring flow  
As on the silver stream you look  
Think how I weep opprest with Woe  
And should its Current want supplys  
I could recruit it from my Eyes

4  
When you behold the setting Ray  
Tremble beneath the lower skies  
The solemn Gloom of closing Day  
May represent me to thy Eyes  
For Lanquid as departing Light  
Am I when banish'd from thy sight

Think when beneath thy spreading Leaves  
 You listen to the wisp'ring Breeze  
 How with soft sighs my Bosom heaves

While I lament my ruined Peace  
 Calm is my Grief as silent show'rs  
 Or Dews which hang on Painted Flow'rs

Flute



The Peremptory Lover Tune John Anderson my Jo.

Flute and Treble staves in 6/8 time, Bass staff in 3/4 time.

Tis not your Beauty nor your Wit, That can my Heart obtain; for.

they could never conquer yet Either my Breast or Brain: For.

if you'll not Prove kind to me And true as heretofore, Henceforth I'll

scorn your Slave to be, Or doat up on you more.

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,  
 By proving thus unkind;  
 No smooth'd Sight, nor smiling Frown,  
 Can satisfy my Mind.  
 Pray let PLATONICKS play such Pranks;  
 Such Follies I deride;  
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,  
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,  
 As I shall be with you,  
 And let our Actions be as free  
 As Virtue will allow.  
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
 If true, I'll Constant be,  
 If fortune chance to change your Mind,  
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections, will be known,  
 In equal Terms do stand,  
 'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,  
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.  
 Dispense with your Austerity,  
 Unconstancy abhor,  
 Or, by great CUPID'S Deity,  
 I'll never love you more.

*Flute*



## A New Song by J. Nares

Andante

Long from th' assaults of CUPIDS Arms long have I wander'd free

Nor felt the sweet torment-ing Charms of Pleasing Mis-ty nor felt

the sweet tormenting Charms of pleasing Mis-ty

For VENUS Charg'd her little Mate

My fall not to pursue

Reserv'd Ah for a Nobler Fate

Reserv'd to fall by you.

Since Charmer thou my Hearts receſſ

Haſt pow'r alone to move

Teach me the way to Happineſſ

As thou haſt taught me love

Let me no longer feel this ſmart

But in your Bosſom ſlide

O ſooth my Pain and where my Heart

Reſides let me Reſide

Enamour'd Vanquish'd and forlorn

Yet glory in my fall

Thou who haſt took my heart and ſoul

O take me take me All.

*Flute*



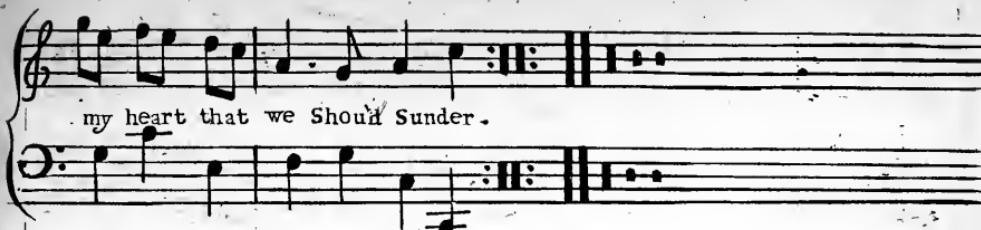
## *A Scotch Song*

With broken words, and down Cast eyes, Poor COLLIN spoke his passion

tender, and parting with his GRISY cries, Ah woes my heart that we shoud

Sunder. to others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine

Eyes like tinder, From thee with Pain, I'm Forc'd to goe, It breaks



my heart that we Shou'd Sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,  
No Beauty new, my Love Shall hinder,  
Nor time, nor place, Shall ever change,  
My Vows, thô we're Oblig'd to Sunder.  
The Image of thy gracefull Air,  
And Beauty, that Invites our wonder,  
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,  
Shall e'er be present, thô we Sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,  
You ne'er can find a Heart that's kinder,  
Then Seal a promise, with a kiss,  
Always to love me, thô we Sunder.  
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lais,  
That as I leave her, I may find her,  
When that blest time shall come to pass,  
We meet again, and ne'er Sunder.

*Flute*



## A Song by W:™ Richardson

Wanton gales that Fond ly play round about my love sick  
 Head Quickly waft my sigh's away to the Nymph for whom I Bleed.

Softly Whisper in her Ear  
 All the pains for her I feel  
 All the torments that I Bear  
 Tell her she alone can Heal.

Then with unsuspected Care  
 Gently fan her lovely Breast  
 Happy you may revel there  
 Where each god Wou'd wish to rest

If one Spark of fond Desire  
 Harbour'd there by chance you find  
 Raise it to a lasting Fire  
 Such as burns within my Mind

## Flute

The PROTESTATION The Musick by MR TREVERS

Now as I live I love thee much And Fain woud love thee  
more Did I but know thy Temper such That coud my Joy re-store.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart  
Then leave it in Distrefs  
Were to betray thy true Desert  
And make thy Glory lefs

Were all the eastern Treasures mine  
I'd lay them at thy Feet  
But to invite a Prince to Dine  
On Air it is not meet

No let me rather pine alone  
Then if my Fate prove coy  
I can despense with Grief my own  
While thou haft Showers of Ioy

But if thro' my too niggard Fate  
Thou should'st unhappy prove  
I shoud' grow mad and desperate  
Thro' killing Grief and Love

Since then tho more I cannot love  
Without thy Injury  
As Saints that to an Altar move  
My Thoughts to thee shall fly

And think not that the flame is left  
For tis upon this Score  
Wert not a Love beyond Express  
My Dear it might be more

Flute



The DREAM A SONG by Samuel COOKE

Sheet music for "The Dream a Song" by Samuel Cooke. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and includes three staves. The lyrics are as follows:  
Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry  
sweet, I found in it, To me again re-store, To me a-gain restore  
Voll III

When I, me thought alone,  
Was ranging in a Grove;  
Where PHEABUS scarce the shade could pierce,  
So fitt it was for love.

But long I had not Been,  
Before MERTILLA came;  
With Open Arms I met her charms,  
Who welcomed me the same

Now, O my dear said I  
Thou charmer of my Soul!  
Kind fate at last has put us paſt  
All Danger of Controul.

Then hand in hand we walk'd.  
How happy did we seem!  
We talk'd we kif'd, and all the rest,  
But Ah! twas all a Dream.

Flute



A Favourite SONG by Sig<sup>r</sup> BONONCINI

Tis my Glo-ry to a-dore you you're so Char-ming O my Dearest Why shou'd I offate com-plain tho I'm not the Happiest Swain still I'll I'm the sin-ce-rest Evermore I'll adore O my dearest

How tormenting is the Passion  
When our Wish es are in Vain  
But to gaze on one so fair  
Makes amends for all my care  
Why why should I of Fate complain  
Evermore I'll adore oh my dearest

Flute

Flute

The SYMPATHIZING HEART.  
Set by Sig<sup>r</sup> GEMINI ANI.

73

Sheet music for a vocal piece. The lyrics are:

WHEN young MILANDA's Fin gers mo-ve The trembling  
Strings my Heart beats Love; My Soul the motion does o-  
bey, I tremble, too, as well as they.

The music consists of four staves of musical notation with corresponding lyrics. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words aligned with specific notes or groups of notes.

But when with Heav'ly voice she sings,  
When vocal sounds their silence break,  
And, marry, with the trembling Strings,  
With Love and Rapture too I shake.

## F L U T E .

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top staff begins with a clef, a '6/4' time signature, and a key signature of one flat. It consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The middle staff begins with a clef, a '6/4' time signature, and a key signature of one flat. It features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end. The bottom staff begins with a clef, a '6/4' time signature, and a key signature of one flat. It shows a continuation of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end.

Largo :s.

*GOD of Musick, charm the*

*Charmer, softly sooth her Soul to Love, her Soul to Love,*

*softly, softly, charm the Charmer, God of Musick, charm the Charmer,*

*softly sooth her in - to Love, softly, softly sooth her Sou-*

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1 to loye. 66 6 66 66 43 Of her  
 frozen looks disarm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her,  
 sounds Harmonious all approve, of her frozen looks dis-  
 arm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her, sounds Harmonious all ap-  
 prove, sounds Harmonious all approve. S: Da Capo al segno

The musical score consists of six staves of handwritten music. The top staff is in G clef, the second in F clef, the third in G clef, the fourth in F clef, the fifth in G clef, and the bottom in F clef. The music includes various time signatures: common time, 6/8, and 4/4. Dynamic markings such as 'f', 'p', and 'mf' are present. The lyrics are written in the bass clef staff, with 'frozen looks disarm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her,' appearing twice, and 'sounds Harmonious all approve,' appearing once. The score concludes with a 'Da Capo al segno' instruction.

COME Lassie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle, And I'll lend  
 you my Thripling Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye  
 heckle, If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;  
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies,  
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
 And tak my Word and Offer again,  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle  
 Ye dinna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown Dowie with lying alone;  
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,  
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

F L U T E.

## The HAPPY NUPTIALS.

77

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

CUPID God of gay desires, HYMEN with thy sacred fires.  
 smiling Zephyrs haste away, Grace this happy, happy day, Grace this happy, happy day, this hap... py, happy day.

Loves and Graces all attend,  
 All ye Nuptial Pow'r's befriend,  
 Make them your peculiar Care,  
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

Let Dancing, and Singing, and piping, and springing, we'll trip it, and skip it, the Groves all a-round. With Courting, and

sporting, and pleasure transporting, the Hills and the Vales to our  
 joys shall resound, our Bus'ness is pleasure, content is our treasure, and  
 nothing but mirth in these shades shall be found.

## FLUTE.

The BEAUTIFUL AMANDA  
Set by a GENTLEMAN.

79

As VENUS late-ly left the Skies, To view BRITANNIA's  
Isles; The Triumphs of AMAN-DA's Eyes, a-larm'd the  
Queen of Smiles.

CUPID, she cry'd, fly swift and see,  
Amidst fair ALBION's Dames,  
What Nymph, without imploring me,  
A thousand Hearts inflames.

The God, with quick obedience flew,  
Around each Toasted fair;  
And bright AMANDA soon he knew,  
By her superior Air.

In transport lost, the Archer gaz'd,  
Charm'd with the matchless Maid;  
This Nymph, said CUPID, all amaz'd,  
Can wound without our aid.

In haste, to VENUS, he returns,  
And own'd fame's praises true;  
For, dear mamma, each Lover burns,  
For one, who blooms like you.

To form the Charmer, ev'ry Grace  
 In lovely union's joyn'd;  
 So strong the Beauties of her face,  
 So soft her Heavenly mind.

Then, dear mamma, he fondly said,  
 Nor be my suit deny'd;  
 Let her, who shines the brightest Maid,  
 Be seen the fairest Bride.

Amidst the rival crowd of Youth,  
 Who wear AMANDA's chain;  
 ALEXIS sighs with purest Truth,  
 And 'tis the gentlest Swain.

His flame is for AMANDA's Charms,  
 By Love and Virtue fed;  
 And ever woo'd her to his Arms,  
 By purest motives led.

Such constancy in love before,  
 Ne'er grac'd a Lover's pain;  
 Would other Swains like him adore,  
 No Nymph would e'er complain.

Oh VENUS, joyn the faithful Pair,  
 In HYMEN's hallow'd bands.  
 Then you'll behold, bright Goddess, there  
 United Hearts and Hands.

The Queen of Beauty smiling cry'd,  
 With joy I grant thy Pray'r:  
 Such flames as are my Empire's Pride,  
 Shall be my Empire's Care.

YE Gods! was STREPHON's Picture blest, With the fair Heav'n of  
CHLOE's Breast? Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart. Oh gently  
throb, — too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind, For  
STREPHON was the Bliss design'd; For STREPHON's sake, dear charming  
Maid, Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art  
Lodg'd so near my CHLOE's Heart,  
For me the tender Hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.  
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear  
Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,  
Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,  
That CHLOE, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord  
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,  
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give  
 An Alms to keep a God alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,  
 On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,  
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,  
 With eager Love and soft Desire.

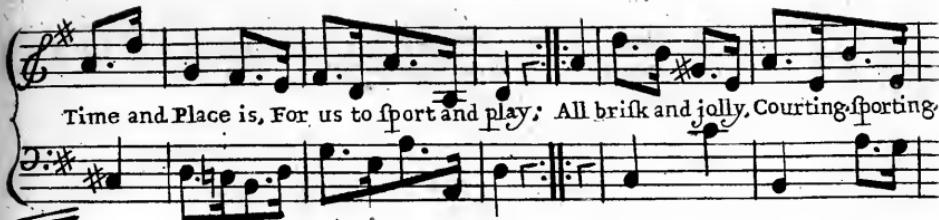
'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,  
 To Life can bring the silent Shade:  
 Thou canst surpass the Painter's Art;  
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.  
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

## F L U T E.



## FLORA's HOLLIDAY.

COME all you Lads and Lasses, Put on your handsome Graces, For this the



Shou'd e'er the Nymph deny you,  
 She ne'er intends to fly you.  
 A thousand tricks she'll try you.  
 All but to hold you fast:  
 She'll pout and vex you.  
 Toying, Coying, then perplex you,  
 Slighting, fighting, follow her close,  
 She'll right, she'll right at last.

Shou'd e'er the Swain abjure you,  
 Protest he can't endure you,  
 It's all but to allure you  
 And ease him of his Pain:  
 If once you meet him,  
 Kindly, friendly, you'll defeat him.  
 Rarely, fairly, ply him but home,  
 He'll right, he'll right again.

FLUTE.



IN that dear hope how ma-ny live, I'm not the on-ly  
 one, I'm not the on-ly one; Oh! what wou'd some fine  
 Ladies give, To have their Husbands gone.. All things new,  
 E-ver wanting Joys in view, More en-chanting, 'Tis  
 the mode e'er Husbands die, To have a-no-ther in  
 ones Eye, To have a-no-ther in ones Eye.

The Words by I. A. Esq<sup>r</sup> Set by a Scholar of MR CAREYS

See O see thou tender Creature Beauteous in Each  
 Air and Feature See Unhappy STREPHON lye at your  
 feet to Gaze and Dye

Pity then thou Charming Fair

Let me not live in this Despair

Raptur'd with your Matchless Charms

Let me Dye Within your Arms

flute

## Set by M. Smith


 To fight in your Cups and a buse the good creature belive it my  
 friends is a sin of that Nature that were you all Damn'd for a  
 tedious long year To nasty Mundungus and heath'nish small Beer  
 Such as after debauche your sparks of the Town for a pennance next  
 Morning Devoutly pour down It would not atone for so vile a Transgres-  
 - ion You're a scandal to all of the Drinking Proffession

What a Pox do ye Bellow and make such a Pother  
 And throw Candlesticks Bottles and Pipes at each other  
 Come keep the Kings peace leave your damning and finking  
 And gravely return to good Christian drinking

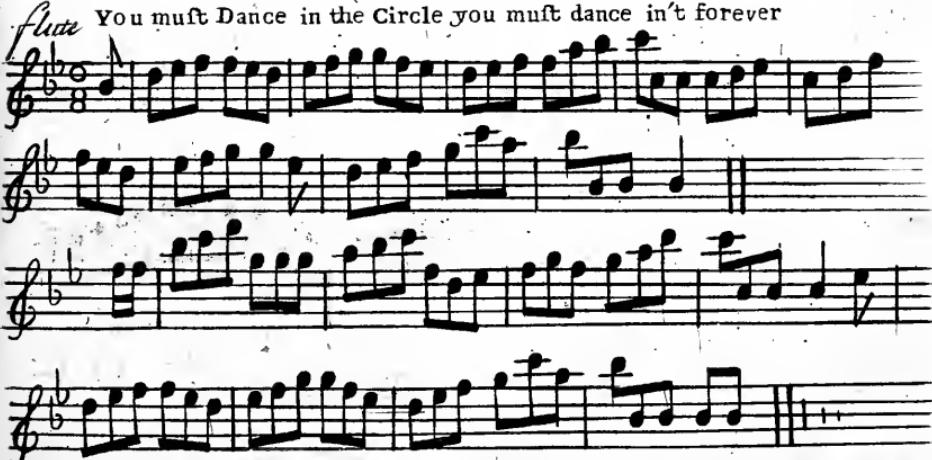
He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able  
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the Table  
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able  
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the table

Well faith since you've raif'd my Ill Nature so High  
 I'll drink on no other Condition not I

Unles my Old friend in the Corner declares

What Mistrefes he Courts and whose Colours he Wears.  
 You may safely acquaint me for I'm none of those  
 That use to divulge whats spoke under the Rose  
 Come part with't — what she forbid it ye Powers  
 What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours

Why Man she has lain (oh thy fate how I Pity  
 With half the Blew Breeches and Wigs in the City  
 Go thank MR Parson give him thanks With a Curse  
 Oh those Damnable words for Better for worfe  
 To regain your Old Freedom you vainly endeavour  
 Your Doxy and you no Priest can defsever  
 You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever  
 You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever



With in a foli-tary Grove desparing SAFFHO fate lamenting  
 of her Ill plac'd Love and cursing of her Fate in vain said she I would con-  
 ceal'd Conquest from his Eyes my lobks alas too plain reveal what I would fain Disguise

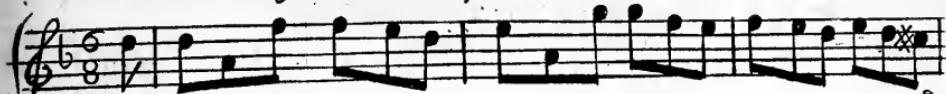
A way my Eyes Would you betray  
 The Weakness of my Heart  
 To one <sup>if</sup> will not love repay  
 Or e're regard my smart  
 But yethow often hath he fwo're  
 That he would Constant prove  
 How oft with Tears did he implore  
 My Pitty and my Love

But he like a proud Conqueror  
 Who in his way subdues  
 Some Towns with his Resistless Pow'r  
 Fresh Conquests now Pursues  
 Then SAFFHO give thy sorrow's o're  
 And be thy self again  
 And think on that vain Man no more  
 That Could thy Love Contemn

flute

# The Agreement of the Gods

89



Two Gods of great Honour BACCHUS and APOLLO one famous in Musick y



other in Wine In Heaven were Raving Disputing and Braving who's Theme was y



Noblest and Trade most Divine your MUSICK says BACCHUS wou'd stun us and



Rack us did Clarett not soften the Discords you make Songs are not Inviting nor



Verfes delighting till Poets of my Great Influence Partake



I'm young Plump and Iolly free from Melancholly

Who ever grew Fatt by the sound of a string

Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute

To Purchase a Bottle before they dare sing

In Love I am Noted by Old and young Courted

A Girl when Inspir'd by me is soon won

So great are the Motions of one of my Portions

The Muses tho maids I could Whore e'ry one

When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted  
 To me as a Father for succor they cry  
 In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions  
 A Bottle revives the Opprest votary  
 Then leave of your Tooting your Fidling and Fluting  
 A sidei throw your Harp and now bow to a flask  
 My Joys they are Riper than songs from a Piper  
 What Mufick is Greater than Sounding a Cask

Says Phæbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or Mellow  
 To prize Mufick less than Wine and October  
 When those who Love drinking are past thoughts of thinking  
 And want so much Witt as to keep themselves sober  
 As they were thus Wrangling a Scolding and Iangling  
 Came Buxom bright VENUS to end the Dispute  
 Says she now to ease the MARS best of all pleaf'd me  
 When Arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute

Your Mufick has charm'd me your Wine has Alarnd me  
 When I have Shew'd Coyneſ and hard to be Won  
 When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving  
 And Wine has compleated what Mufick begun  
 The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Joves Thunder  
 They'd mutually Ioyn in ſupplying Loves flame  
 Since each in their Function mov'd on in Conjunction  
 To melt with ſoft pleafures the Amorous Dame



# Strephon's Complaint Set by M<sup>r</sup> Handel 91

Oh cruel Tyran LOVE Why art thou so unkind Wilt thou no

milder prove Nor ease my troubled Mind No Joy shall I e'er see But

still tormented be And from such dismal Grief Shall I ne'er find Relief

Since thou hast wounded me  
Why dost thou not impart  
Some of thy Cruelty  
And make her feel some Smart  
Tell her how I do burn  
How I lament and mourn  
When she the Truth doth know  
She must some Pity show

Beauty enthron'd doth stand  
Upon her smiling Brow  
Her blushing Cheeks command  
Me at her Feet to bow  
Her golden Tresses wave  
Her rising Breasts enflame  
Lighting darts from her Eyes  
And kills me by Surprise

Yet tho' she is most fair  
Why should she me disdain  
If Wealth surrounds my Dear  
Why must I suffer Pain

Were She as poor as **JOB**  
 I in a Royal Robe  
 And Lord of all the Land  
 I'd be at her Command

All Day I sigh and weep  
 And vainly do lament  
 All Night I cannot sleep  
 I never rest content  
 But still am fill'd with Pain  
 Scorn Woe And sad Disdain  
 These Racks I cannot bear  
 And yet she will not hear

What Joys can **MYRA** take  
 After she does behold  
 Poor **STREPHON** for her sake  
 Laid in the Dreary Mould  
 O most unhappy Fate  
 Then Pity comes to late  
**MYRA** my Life preserve  
 And thee I'll always serve

I'll wander for her Sake  
 Or keep myself confind  
 If she no Pity take  
 On my distracted Mind  
 O ease the burning Smart  
 Of my poor suff'ring Heart  
 Else 'twill my Ruin prove  
 Farewell then Life and Love



Handwritten musical score for a single melodic line, likely a soprano or flute part, set in common time. The score consists of eight staves of music, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the notes. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and a few grace notes indicated by small asterisks.

If Bounteous Nature e'er had meant that Gold should  
only buy content the Morning Dew had sprinkled  
o'er the thinning Field with Liquid o'er like Air and  
Water it had flow'd in Ev'ry Clime a Common good should  
we then Judge of Reas'ns Rule Natures a Jilt and  
Mans a Fool

94 A Song the Words & Musick by Mr. Carey

Vivace  
 O

Lovely rul-er  
 of my Heart Queen of all and e-ery part Ob-ject.  
 of my souls desire for whose sake I could ex-  
 pire witnes- all ye Gods a bove that I on-ly  
 live to love that I love but you alone kindly

then my Passion Crown Queen of my Heart and on - ly  
 Idol of my soul I blefs the pow'r that does my  
 ravish'd fence controul so mild and Gen - tle  
 is your reign I gladly wear the pleasing Chain  
 such pride I take your slave to be  
 I wou'd not if I could be free

Flite

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Wo. 

Man 

Both 

W. Since we so frankly our frailties have shewn,  
Let us, like others, in cunning jogg on,

M. For where contrivance and Plots do abound,

W. Mankind I'll cheat,

M. Woman I'll bite,

Both. So to the last this vile world will turn round.

## FLUTE.



## The INCONSTANT SWAIN.

YOUNG THIRSIS, once the Jolliest Swain, That ever charm'd the  
 list'ning Plain, Attentive to his Glee; While Nymphs around the  
 Rover throng, He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song was, *I'aime la libe-*  
*te*, was, *I'aime la liberté*.

Bright CHLOE, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,  
 And FLAVIA, fairest of the Fair,  
 Are now no longer free;  
 Coy DELIA felt unusual pain,  
 All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain,  
 Was, *I'aime la liberté*.

The Youth, by inclination sway'd,  
 A softer tune had often play'd,  
 To ev'ry charming She;  
 None fear delusion from his tongue,  
 For all he said, and all he sung,  
 Was, *I'aime la liberté*.

The treacherous Boy thus play'd his part,  
 In triumph o'er each Female Heart;  
 O! who so blest as he,  
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,  
 While all he Sung, and all he said,  
 Was, *I'ame la liberta.*

## F L U T E .



## A DRINKING SONG.

EV'RY Man his Scepter take, Let the Hoghead sound, and the Glasses

ring, Let the envious Miser quake, each merry mortal is a King. Let the

King do what he can, he's still no more than man, For since the World began.

'Twas the juice of the Vine, that had pow'r divine, And merry mortals Bless all their  
 wrongs redrefs, Were Kings but to see how merry we cou'd be, they'd envy our Happiness.

Let the Glass keep moving round,  
 We'll paint the night with red and white,  
 Our selves with wreaths be Crown'd,  
 To Celebrate the morning light;  
 When the Sun begins his Race,  
 With his drunken fiery face,  
 And Westward steers his pace,  
 He'll chearfully smile,  
 On his favourite Isle,  
 And gaze with vast delight,  
 To see us shine so bright,  
 Then away goes he, and drinks up the Sea,  
 To pass away the gloomy Night.

## FLUTE.

No more shall Meads bedeck'd with flowers nor Sweetnes live in  
 Rosey Bow'rs nor greenest Buds on Branches spring nor  
 warbling Birds delight to Sing nor Aprill Violets paint the  
 Grove When e're I leave my CELIA'S love

The fish shall in the Ocean Burn  
 And Fountains sweet shall Bitter turn  
 The humble Vale no Floods shall know  
 When Floods shall highest Hills o'reflow  
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave  
 Before my CELIA I decieve

Love shall his Bow and shafts lay by  
 And VENUS Doves Want Wings to fly  
 The Sun refuse to shew his light  
 And Day shall be turn'd to Night  
 And in that Night no Star appear  
 When e're I leave my CELIA dear



## The Soldier's Welcome Home

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot Tho they're turn with Scars

Those are the noble Hero's Lot Ob - tain'd in glorious. Wars

Welcome my VARO to my Breast Thy Arms about me twine And

make me once again. as blest As I was Lang syne

Methinks around us on each Bough

A Thoufand CUPID'S play

Whilst thro the Groves I Walk with you

Each Obiect makes me gay

Since your Return the Sun and Moon

With Brighter Glory shine

Streams murmur soft Notes while they run

As they did lang syne

Despise the Court and Din of state  
 Let that to their share fall  
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great  
 While bounded like a Ball  
 But sunk in Love upon my Arms  
 Let your brave Head recline  
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms  
 As we did lang syne

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend  
 You may pursue the Chase  
 And after a Blyth Bottle end  
 All Care in my Embrace  
 And in a Vacant rainy Day  
 You shall be wholly mine  
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away  
 And laugh at lang syne

The Hero pleaf'd with the sweet Air  
 And Signs of Generous Love  
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair  
 Bow'd to the Powers above  
 Next Day with glad Consent and Haste  
 They knelt before the Shrine  
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest  
 And put them out of Fine



Talk not so much to me of Love Your vain Pur  
 fuit give o'er Your misplac'd Ardour can not move a  
 Heart engag'd be fore A Heart engag'd be fore

No more of Cruelty complain  
 Nor CLOE'S Breast accuse  
 For want of Pity to a Swain  
 When Honour bids Refuse

If neither can your Thoughts employ  
 But still on me you gaze  
 CLOE'S Advice receive with Joy  
 And fly from CUPID'S Maze

Let some more worthy Virgin Daine  
 Whose Charms all lovely are  
 Be Mistres of your gen'rous Flaine  
 She may reward your care

Haft to some peaceful Dome retire  
 Such as you oft approve  
 Examine well your fond Desire  
 And discipline your Love

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may  
 With Affluence supply'd  
 Your Suit with grateful Sense repay  
 Which CLOE has deny'd

And if my wand ring Steps incline  
 To your sad lonely Cell  
 My Soul and every Thought shall Join  
 To wish poor STREPHON well

Set by D<sup>r</sup> Pepusch in Persuis & Andromeda 105

When fe - ve - reft woes Im - pend - ing seem to shew, def -

truction near unexpect'd Ioy attend - ing foot the soul and

banish fear Tho to Fortunes frowns sub - ject - ed

and attack'd by Anxious care servile spirits are de - jected

noble Minds shou'd ne'er despair

A Favourite Air by M<sup>r</sup> Handel

A musical score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The score consists of eight staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with the first two staves containing the first two lines of the text, and the subsequent staves containing the remaining lines. The lyrics describe a character named CELIAS who is 'languishing and dye' and 'complaining' of being 'distraining' and 'disdaining' comfort.

Lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining no Comfort ob-  
 taining I Languish and dye lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining I  
 Languish I languish and dye lamenting complaining of  
 CELIAS disdaining no comfort obtaining I languish and dye

no Comfort obtaining I Languish and dye

Yet cannot give over my grief to dif -

cover fure never was lover so wretched as I fure

never was lover so wretched as I Da Capo

## A Song by W. Richardson

O where I sure my dear to View  
 I'd climb <sup>t</sup> pine trees topmost Bough  
 Aloft in Air that quivering play's  
 And round and round for ever gaze

My orra Moor where art thou laid  
 What wood conceals my sleeping Maid  
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear  
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair

O I could ride the clouds and skies  
 Or on the Ravens pinnions rise  
 Ye storks ye swans a moment stay  
 And waft a lover on his way

My bliss to long my Bride denies  
 Apase the wasting summer flies  
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear  
 Not storms or night shall keep me here

What may for strength <sup>th</sup> steel compare  
 Oh love has Fetter's stronger farr  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confind  
 But cruel love enchains the mind

No longer then perplex thy breast  
 When thoughts torment <sup>f</sup> first are best  
 Tis mad to go tis Death to stay  
 Away to orra haste away

Flute

109

The Mournfull SHEPHERD

When Morn appears to fprightly Chace the Neighbouring swains  
with Ioy repair I too set forth but in my face no signs of sweet con-  
tent appear Pensive I ride ore Hill thro' grove and Mourn alafs  
my hoplefs love Da Capo

Nor Mindfull once of Horn or Hound

Or of the Clearfull Huntsmans Cry

Or of the sweet repeated sound

Of Wanton Ecchos kind reply

Nor all the Various ways they Move

But Mourn alafs my hoplefs Love

The sun was sunk be-neath the Hill the Western Clouds were lind with  
 Gold the Sky was clear the winds were still the Flocks were pent with  
 in their Fold when from the silence of the Grove poor DAMON thus  
 despair'd of Love Poor DAMON thus despair'd of Love

Who seeks to pluck the Fragrant Rose  
 From the bare Rock or oozy Beach  
 Who from each barren Weed that grows  
 Expects the Grape and blushing Peach  
 With equal Faith may hope to find  
 The Truth of Love in Womankind. The truth &c.

I have no Flocks nor fleecy Care  
 No Fields that shine with golden Grain  
 Nor Meadows green nor Gardens fair  
 Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain  
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove  
 For I alas am nought but Love

m

How wretched is the faithful Youth  
Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold  
They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth  
Whene'er they sigh they sigh for Gold  
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove  
But I alas am nought but Love  
But I *Vc.*

To buy the Gems of INDIA'S Coast  
What Wealth what Riches can suffice  
But all their Fire can never boast  
The living Lustre of her Eyes  
For there the World too Cheap would prove  
But I alas am nought but Love  
But I *Vc.*

Qh SYLVIA since nor Gems nor Oar  
Can with thy brighter Charms compare  
Consider that I proffer more  
More seldom found a Heart sincere  
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move  
Who pays thy Worth must pay with Love  
Who pays *Vc.*

### Flute

A handwritten musical score for a Flute. The score consists of three staves, each with a key signature of one sharp (G major) and a time signature of 6/8. The first staff begins with a dynamic of  $f$  and a 3/4 measure. The second staff begins with a dynamic of  $f$  and a 2/4 measure. The third staff begins with a dynamic of  $f$  and a 2/4 measure. All staves feature sixteenth-note patterns with various slurs and grace notes.

## The Beauteous CLOE set by MR HANDEL


 The image shows a page from an 18th-century musical score. The title 'The Beauteous CLOE' is at the top, followed by 'set by MR HANDEL'. The music is arranged in four systems. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The vocal line begins with 'CLOE you're Witty CLOE you're Pretty Lovely Charmer of the'. The second system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The vocal line continues with 'Plain Ever admiring ever desiring is your Faithfull Loveing'. The third system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The vocal line continues with 'Swain No longer teaze me Dearest easse me be now consenting'. The fourth system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The vocal line concludes with 'no more tormenting let me dear CLOE your Favour gain'. The score also includes a section for 'Flute' at the bottom.

Flute


 The image shows the flute part for the musical score. It consists of three systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The second system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The third system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The flute part features a variety of sixteenth-note patterns and grace notes.

# Through the Wood Laddie

113

As early I walkd on the first day of May beside a clear Fountain be -

neath a steep mountain I heard a sweet Flute soft melo-dy play whilst

echo resounded the dolo - rous lay I list'ned . and look'd and spy'd

a young swain with aspects distressed and spirits opprefsed seem'd

clear and as fresh as the Sky after rain and thus he discover how he

strove with his pain

Tho CLORIS be coy why should I Repine,

That a Nymph much above me,

Vouchsafes not to love me,

I ne'er in her rank of merit can shine,

Then why should I seek to debase her to mine,

No henceforth esteem shall bridle desire,

Nor in due subjection,

Retain warm affection,

No spark of self love shall blaze in my fire

Then where is the swain can more humbly admire,

While passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,

And quiet returning,

Shall hush all my mourning,

Then Lord of my self in Absolute rest,

I'll hug the condition that Heaven thinks best,

Thus Friendship unmixt and wholly refind,

May yet be respected,

The love is rejected,

And CLORIS must own the still proves unkind,

Theres not such a Friend as a lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Swain that hereafter shall sue,

With prop'rous endeavour,

To gain her dear favour,

Know as well as I what to CLORIS is due,

Be still more deserving and never less true,

While I disengaged from wishes and fears,

Tranquillity tafting,

On liberty feasting,

In hopes of sure blifs shall pass my few years,

And long to escape from this Valley of tears.

Ye pow'rs that preside o'er the vertues of Love,

Now Aid me with patience,

To bear its vexations

Let noble designs my winged heart move

With Sentiments purest my notions improve,

If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,

May Prudence direct me,

And courage protect me,

Prepar'd for all darts rememb'ring the swain,

Grew happily wife after loving in vain.

Flute



The Invocation Set by M<sup>r</sup> Bononcini

A musical score for Flute and Bassoon in 12/8 time, with a key signature of three sharps. The score includes lyrics in English. The vocal line is supported by a bassoon line. The lyrics are: "Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind preside And pity humane Woes My steps to some Retirement guide That no Disturbance knows Ye Pow'rs that".

o'er Mankind preside and pity human Woes my steps to some Retirement

guide that no Disturbance knows there let my soul

forgether Pain Restor'd to blissful Peace again Nor e'er re-sign the calm Re

treat To feel the Sorrows of the Great To feel the Sorrows of the Great D.C.

## Flute

Love is a pretty a pretty thing a little God a  
little King soft and easy are his Chains all all are  
Blef't where Cupid Reigns All all are bleft  
Where Cupid reigns All all are bleft where  
Cupid Reigns

Fly fly false Man de - ceiv - er go the caufe of all my smart thou  
 Author of my greif and Wo thou Author of my greif and  
 wo thou Author of my greif and Woe hath rob'd me  
 of my Heart thou Author of my greif and Wo hath rob'd me rob'd me

Vcl. III

of my heart

then can <sup>u</sup> see a Virgin Mourn and not one Glance of Pit-ty

Shew but for the trueit love return Bafe scorn to a-gre-vate, my Woe

DC

A Favourite Aire by Mr. BONONCINI

Dear Pritty Maid don't fly me so but once more turn this way Don't fly me

so turn once more Pritty Maid turn this way Don't fly me so turn once

more pritty Maid turn this way Intender Amours we'll pafs away time <sup>th</sup>

innocent sport and Joy With Innocent sport and Joy well sweetly love  
 and our days happily thus implore Remember my dearest Beauty will soon  
 decay think oh my dear time goes on Beauty will soon decay *D.C.*

*Flute*

*D.C.*

A SONG in Praife of Old English ROAST BEEF. 121

The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food, It en-  
nobl'd our veins, and enriched our Blood; Our Soldiers were  
Brave, and our Courtiers were good. Oh the Roast Beef of Old  
England, and Old English Roast Beef.

Chorus.

But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France,  
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to Dance,  
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaifance.  
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of Old, were Robust, stout and strong,  
And kept Open-house with good cheer all day long,  
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.  
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,  
 A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame,  
 Who fully those Honours that once shone in Fame.  
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the Throne,  
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such flip-flops were known,  
 The World was in terror if e'er she did frown.

Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,  
 They seldom, or never return'd back again,  
 As witness, the vaunting ARMADA of Spain.

Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,  
 And when wrongs were a Cooking, to do themselves right,  
 But now we're a — I cou'd, but good night.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,

Old English Roast Beef.

### FLUTE.



THO' Fate decrees that we must part, And I awhile shall  
 pine; Yet ne'er suspect my faith and heart, To wander  
 for 'tis thine.

Thy worth, thy sweetnes, and thy Charms,  
 Oh lovely Maid I trace;  
 Your absence gives my Soul alarms.  
 But Joy to see your Face.

The Swallow, when the Summer's past,  
 And equally the Dove,  
 In mourning thus, while storms do last,  
 Will pine without their Love.

O! quickly, then, dear Maid return,  
 The New-Year cheerfull make;  
 For thee impatiently I burn,  
 Can eat no Twelth-day Cake.

To draw a Knave, a King, or Queen,  
 Court Beauties of renown,  
 Will little help to cure my Spleen,  
 If you come not to Town.

## A DRINKING SONG

PYLADES, is with ORESTES,  
Said to have one common Soul,  
But the meaning of the Jeft is  
In the bottom of the Bowl.

Fa la la &c.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,  
Often is the truth found out,  
Which might cause a World of Thinking,  
Spare the pains and drink about.

Fa la la &c.

## GERMANICUS.

MY Cares, my Dangers all are past, The Royal Fair is mine at

last: What sweeter Bliss can Mortal know, What greater Gift can

Heav'n bestow.

## BRITANNIA.

O Prince, by Heav'n preserv'd for me,  
No other Joy I seek but thee;  
From day to day, from year to year,  
O May we ever prove more Dear.

Both. From day to day, &c.

## FLUTE.

## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how Young Muirland WILLIE came to  
 woo. Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But ay he  
 cries, whate'er betide, MAGGY I'se ha'e her to be my Bride, With a  
 fal,de,dal,dal,dal,de, ral,dal,lal, la, ral,lal, la,dal,dal, dal.  
 (The score consists of five staves of music with corresponding lyrics in the vocal line, set in a common time signature with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in a traditional folk style with various note heads and rests, and includes a repeat sign and a double bar line with dots at the end of the fourth staff.)

On his gray Yad as he did ride,  
 With Durk and Pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,  
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.  
 Out o'er yon Mofs, out o'er yon Muir,  
 Till he came to her Dady's Door.  
 With a fal,dal,&c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,  
 I care no for making meikle Din;  
 What Answr gi'ye me?  
 Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.  
 With a fal,dal,&c.

Now, Woer, fin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do ye win, or in what Town;  
 I think my Doghter winna gloom  
 On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,  
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
 With a fal, fal, &c.

I have three Owfens in a Plough,  
 Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,  
 The Place they ca' it CADENEUGH:

I scorn to tell a Lye:  
 Besides, I had frae the great Laird,  
 A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.  
 With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,  
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;  
 I wat on him she did na gloom,  
 But blinkit bonnilie.  
 The Lover he stended up in haste,  
 And gript her hard about the Waiste,  
 With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,  
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;  
 And for my sell ye need na fear,  
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,  
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou!  
 With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu'law,  
 She had na Will to fay him na,  
 But to her Dady she left it a',  
 As they twa cou'd agree.  
 The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,  
 Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.  
 With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na fay me na,  
 But to your sell she has left it a',  
 As we cou'd gree between us twa;  
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?  
 Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,  
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.  
 With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,  
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free;

Troth I dow do na mair.  
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,  
 I'm far frae hame, make hast let's do't.  
 With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to pafs,  
 Wi' mony a blythfome Lad and Lass;  
 But sicken a Day there never was,  
 Sic Mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straked Hands,  
 Meff JOHN ty'd up the Marriage Bands.  
 With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,  
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in bleu,  
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,  
 And blinkit bonnilie.  
 Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,  
 They glanced in our Ladfes Een,  
 With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
 The Minstrels they did never blin,  
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.  
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
 And ay their Wames together met.  
 With a fal, &c.

### F L U T E.



How can I well describe the Joy when first I set my Eyes on  
 one who only could employ my Thoughts in great surprize  
 Charming Face Love exciteing comely Grace all delighting who  
 can look on one so fair And not the force of Love declare

2

But when I labour'd to Address  
 The Tenour of my Suit.  
 Fear did my fault'ring speech oppres  
 And I continu'd mute  
 But, my Smart  
 More abounded  
 Cupids Dart  
 Has me wounded  
 And I longer can't conceal  
 The Anguish for your sake I feel

3

Yet if you disregard my Pain  
 I bid this World Adieu  
 For all my Hopes of Life are vain  
 If not sustaint by you  
 With Disdain  
 Do not grieve me  
 See my Pain  
 And relieve me  
 Sure you can't severely treat  
 A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the Fair  
 Inseparably joyn  
 To extricate from Deep Dispair  
 Such Am'rous Hearts as mine  
 Sweet Replys  
 Kind Behaviour  
 Pleasing Eyes  
 Gentle Favour  
 Are what Lovers must implore  
 Or else they can exist no more



HENRY and KATHERINE Set by D. GREEN

In Antient times in Britons Isle, Lord HENRY well was known: No  
 Knight in all his Days more fam'd, Nor more deserv'd renou: His

thoughts on Honour always ran, He never bow'd to Love, . . . No

Lady in the Land had Charms, His frozen Heart to move.

2

Midst all the Nymphs where Katherine went,  
The fairest face She shows;  
She was as Bright as Morning Sun,  
And sweet as any Rose:  
Although she was of low Degree,  
She daily conquest gain'd,  
For scarce a Youth who her beheld,  
Escap't her Pow'r full chain.

3

But soon her Eyes their lustre lost,  
Her Cheeks grew Pale and wan;  
For Pining seiz'd her Beauteous form,  
And cares were all in Vain:  
This fickness was to all unknown,  
This did the fair one wast,  
Her time in Sighs and floods of tears,  
Or broken flumbers past.

4

Once in a Dream she call'd aloud,  
O HENRY I'm undone,  
O cruel Fate O helpless Maid,  
My Love can ne'er be known:  
But tis the Fate of Woman kind,  
The truth we must conceal,  
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
Ere I my Love reveal.

5

A tender Friend who watch'd the Fair,  
To HENRY hy'd away:  
My Lord The crye we've found the Cause,  
Of KATHERINES quick decay:  
She in a dream the secret told,  
Till now no Mortal knew,  
Alas She now expiring lies,  
And dies for Love of you,

The gen'rous HENRY'S Soul was Struck  
 His Heart began to flame  
 O poor unhappy Maid he cry'd  
 Yet I am not to blame  
 O KATHERINE too too modest Nymph  
 Thy Love I never knew  
 I'll ease thy pain as swift as wind  
 To her Bed side he flew

Awake he cry'd thou lovely Maid  
 Awake awake my dear  
 If I had only guest thy Love  
 Thou ne'er hadst shed a tear  
 Tis HENRY calls despair no more  
 Renew thy wonted charms  
 I'm come to call thee back from Death  
 And take thee to my Arms

That word reviv'd the lifeless Maid  
 She rais'd her Drooping head  
 And Smiling on her long lov'd youth  
 She started from the Bed  
 Her Arms about his Neck she flung  
 In Extasie she cry'd  
 Will you be kind will you indeed  
 Oh Love and so she dyd

*flute*

Come to my Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy thou spring  
 of all our Joy without thy Aid without thy Aid without thy Aid all plea-  
 - sure woud languish fade and Die Come come to my Arms Come to my  
 Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy Come to my Arms  
 Come to my Arms come to my Arms my Treasure without thy Aid all  
 pleasure woud languish fade and Die woud languish fade and Die

when Arm'd with thy assistance in vain is all resistance what  
 Fair one can deny what Fair  
 -ir one can Deny when Arm'd with thy assistance what Fair one  
 can deny Then Charge a round the Glasses and thus we'll drink  
 and Chaunt then thus we'll drink and Chaunt may all the dear  
 may all the dear may all the dear kind laf - ses have all they wish

and want fill fill fill a-round fill fill a-round the

Glasses And thus we'll drink and Chant fill fill a

round fill fill Around fill fill a-round the Glasses

may all the dear kind lass-ses have

all they wish and want have all they wish and

want

## To a Young LADY Weeping by a Gentleman of OXFORD



Behold the skilful Ar-tists Hand Controul our Passions at Command



And with a single Note impart Or Pain or Pleasure to the Heart



Or what een Contradictiton seems

Blend and unite these two Extreams

And by a fadly pleasing Strain

Give us at once both Joy and Pain

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes

While that dear Bosom heaves with sighs

Between two diff'rent Passions tost

I know not which controuls me most

Who fees That Face in Grief appear

Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear

Yet still our Joys just Ballance keep

Bles'd in Thy Presence who can weep

Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Carey <sup>137</sup>

Adagio

Oh Jealousy

Thou raging Pain where shall I find my Peace a gain where shall I

find where shall I find my Peace again

Revenge and Hate for this Ingrate torment and tear my

Breast my wounding Woes refuse Repose gone gone for E - ever

is my Rest



The Faithfull LOVERS Farewell. Set by M<sup>r</sup> LAMPE

Alafs it is by fate or daind that I must leave your Charm's And

what you wish'd you've now obtain'd you'll have no more Alarms of

Am rous fighs of humble Bows which you oft thoug to bold I

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go where Ice like Mountains grows And Summer's self is cold

Yet as your cold Disdain exceeds  
 The hardest Winters Frost  
 If my Heart freezes then or Bleeds  
 No matter where I'm lost  
 You mind not my despairing Cries  
 And care not for my Rest  
 The Fire you carry in your Eyes  
 Does warm Another's Breast.

But no I will no more Complain  
 Of what your Scorn has Done  
 since Absence cannot cure my Pain  
 Therefore when I am gone  
 Pray think that none will be so true  
 Or really loves you more  
 And take this for my last Adieu  
 I part but still adore

flute

Set by Mr. In<sup>o</sup> Hans

Why CLOE will you Au thor be of such un-  
 equal harm to blow my Heart in to a flame when yours  
 I cannot warm Give equal Pitty e - qual Love to  
 Justice more in cline your own de - fires more ard - ent  
 make or quite Extinguish or quite Ex - tinguish mine Ex -  
 - tinguish mine

The Complaint Set by D - Fox

141

When Last to her I did Complain  
 She only did My Love Distrain  
 For geting all the Vows she made  
 When My poor Heart was firft Betray'd

The stars above my Witnes was  
 When she did Make thofe Solemn Vows  
 That None but me her Love shou'd share  
 And now she's left me to despair

Since she's forsworn and perjur'd grown  
 And doth my Constant heart Difown  
 Away to fome Desert I'll Fly  
 And there will Languish till I die

Flute

Vol III

## A SONG the Words and Musick by MR CAREY

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever sure you're out of your  
 fenses or these are pretences can you part with a person so  
 Clever in troth you are highly to blame and you MR  
 Lover to trifle I thought that a soldier was Wiser and  
 Bolder a Warriour should plunder and rifle a  
 Captain oh fye for shame Da Capo

Vol III

## Flute



# A Hymn to Venus

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he The Youth who  
 Fondly fits by thee who hears and Sees thee  
 all the while Softly Speak and Sweetly Smile .

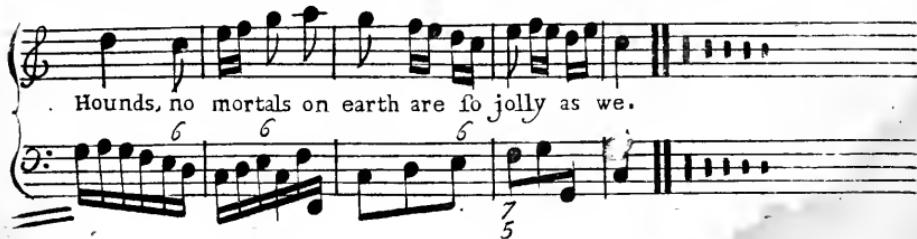
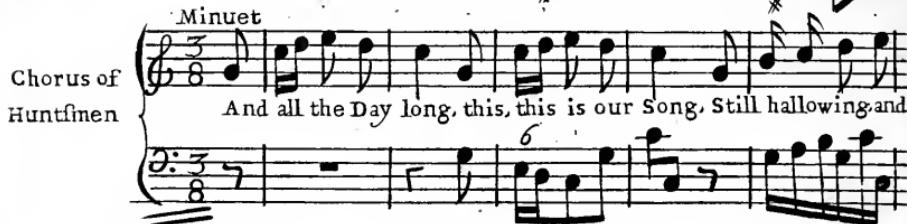
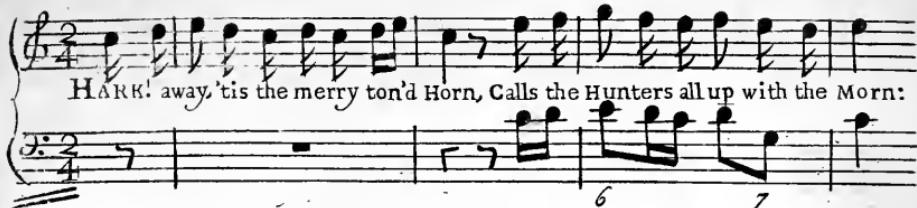
Twas this deprived my Soul of rest and rais'd such tumults  
 in my breast That when I gaz'd with Transports tost my  
 breath was gone my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd the subtle flame  
 Run quickly thro' my vital frame  
 O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung  
 My Ears with hollow murmurs rung  
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd  
 My Blood with gentle horrors thrill'd  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play  
 I fainted sunk and dy'd away.

*Flute*

A Hunting SONG by Mr. CAREY.

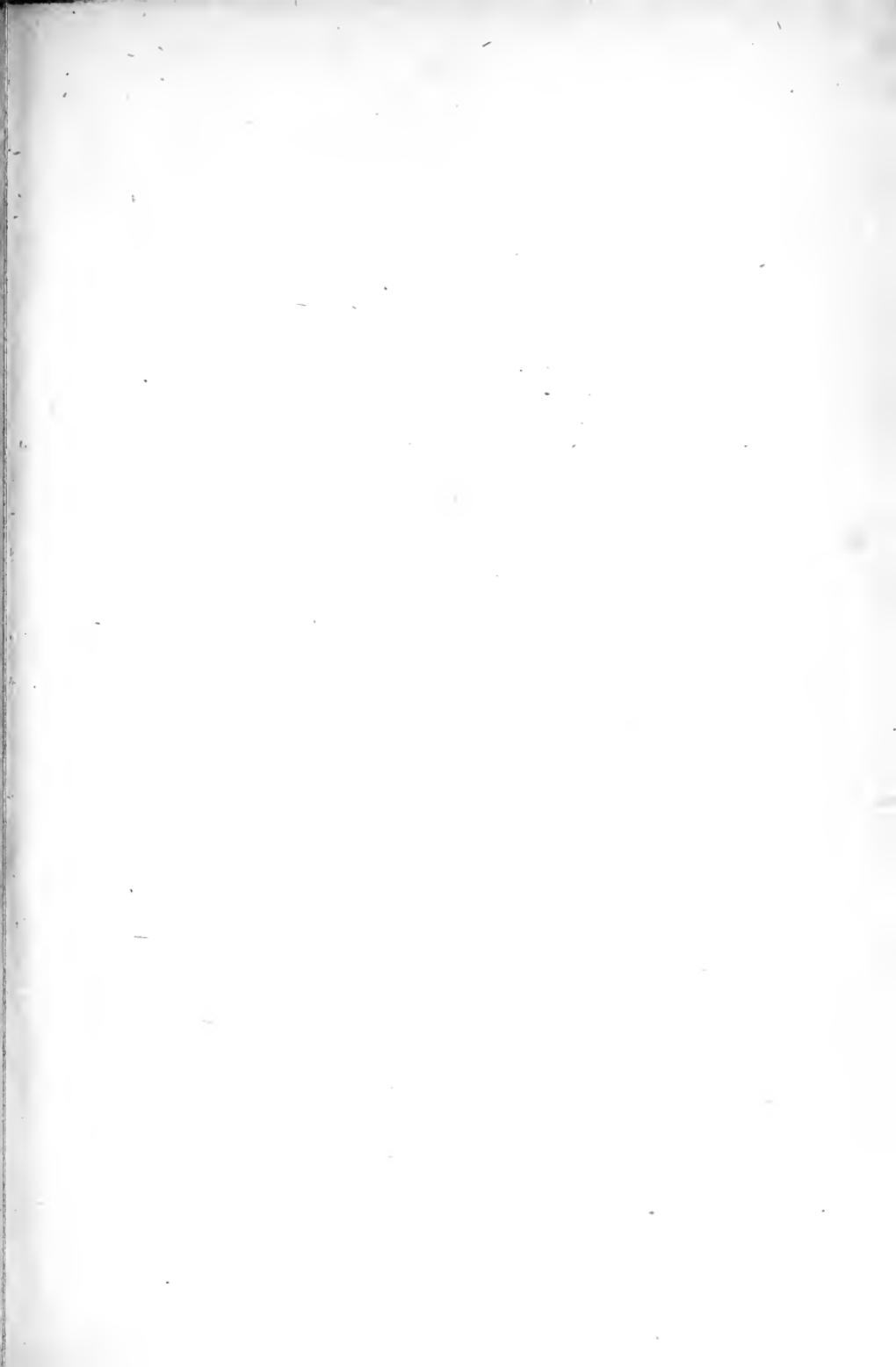
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Roundy Woods when we beat, how we glow,  
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!  
With a bounce from his Cover when he flies,  
Then our shouts they resound to the Skies  
(Chorus) And all the day long &c.

When we sweep o'er the Valleys, or climb,  
Up the Heath breathing mountain sublime,  
What a joy from our labours we feel,  
Which alone they who taste can reveal  
(Chorus) And all the day long &c.







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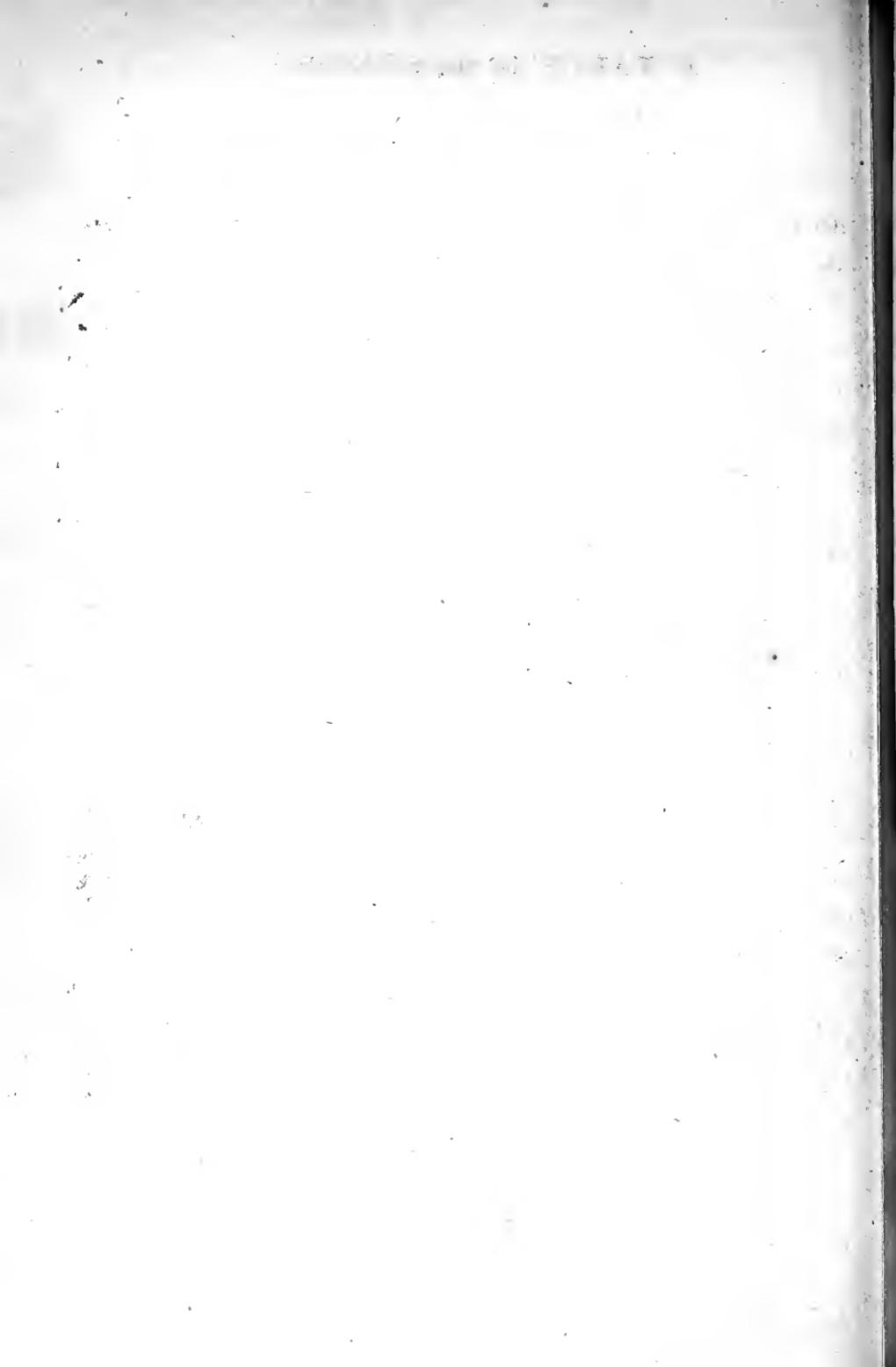
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A SONG to a Favourite MINUET of MR. HANDEL'S.

STAY, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay; Did not you see her.  
go this way; Where can she be, can you not gueſſ?  
Alas! I've lost my Shepherd—defſ!

I fear ſome Satyr has betray'd  
My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:  
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!  
For in the Shade ſhe was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,  
Strive to ſalute her as ſhe goes;  
Nay, be content to kiſſ her Shoe,  
The Frimroſe, and the Daify too.

Oh! woe is me! what muſt I do?  
Or who muſt I complain unto?  
Methinks the Valleys cry, forbear,  
And ſighing ſay, ſhe is not here.

Oh! what ſhall I, unhappy, do?  
Or who muſt I complain unto?  
Where may ſhe be, can you not gueſſ?  
Where may I find my Shepherddefſ?

## A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

LUCINDA, close, or vail' those eyes, Where thousand Loves in  
ambush lies; Where Darts are pointed with such skil, they're  
sure to hurt, if not to kill; Let pity move thee  
to seem blind, Lest seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

LUCINDA, hide that swelling Breast,  
The PHœNIX, else will change her Nest;  
Yet do not, for when she expires,  
Her heat may light in the soft fires,  
Of love and pity; so that I,  
By this one way may thee enjoy.

## FLUTE.

5



## A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

THE heavy hours are al-most past, That part my Love and  
 me: My longing Eyes may hope at last, Their only wish to  
 fee, Their on-ly wish to fee.

\* 5 4 \*

But how, my CLOE, will you meet  
 The Man you've lost so long;  
 Will Love in all your Pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue.

Will you, in ev'ry look declare,  
 Your Heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idle, anxious Care,  
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, CLOE, thus I paint a Scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between,  
 Of loit'ring Time to cheat.

But if the Dream that sooths my mind,  
 Shall false, and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at last to find,  
 You have forgot to Love.

All I implore of Heav'n, is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me now the flatt'ring Blis,  
 To die, and think you mine.

### FLUTE.

## ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

Set by MR. CAREY.

5

Young ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's window. Tumpaty.

Tumpaty. Tump. He begg'd for admittance, She answer'd him no.

Glumpaty. Glumpaty. Glump. My DOLLY, my Dear, your true Love is

here. Dumpaty. Dumpaty. Dump. No, no, ROGER, no, as' you

came you may go. Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again. Humpaty &c.  
 whilst he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain. Slumpaty &c.  
 Oh! what is the reason, dear DOLLY, he cry'd. Humpaty &c.  
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd. Trumpaty &c.

6  
Some Rival more dear, I gues's has been here. Crumpaty &c.  
Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you Sir. Numpty &c.  
Oh! then with a Sigh, his sad farewell he took. Humpaty &c.  
And all Despair, he leap't into the Brook. Plumpaty &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd. Mumpaty &c.  
He swam to the shore, and saw DOLLY no more. Rumpaty &c.  
Determin'd to find a Damosell more kind. Plumpaty &c.  
While DOLLY's afraid, she must die an Old Maid. Mumpaty &c.

### A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

How happy are they, are belov'd and o-bey the Laws of Love's.  
sweet, tho' tyrannical sway. They're proud of their Bondage, and  
smile on their Chains, a happy short Minute rewards all their Pains.

How wretched we seem,  
When the Blif we esteem,

Is so quickly paf'd o'er with a Thought or a Dream;  
There's not so desir'd, and there's nothing so cloys,  
As the sweetest of Meats, and the sweetest of Joys.

# A SONG on PRINCESS AMELIA.

tr

Nigh AVON's winding Stream, a Swain, for Numbers not un-

known; No Hireling of the Muses train, but me-rits have a-

lon. Thus lately Sung (nor Sung in vain) what no one

cou'd difown.

tr :s:

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The middle part is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom part is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a different vocal line. The vocal lines are connected by horizontal lines, and the instrumental parts are connected by vertical lines. The vocal parts are connected by horizontal lines, and the instrumental parts are connected by vertical lines. The vocal parts are connected by horizontal lines, and the instrumental parts are connected by vertical lines. The vocal parts are connected by horizontal lines, and the instrumental parts are connected by vertical lines.

Aid me, ye Nymphs and Swains to sing,  
And every tuneful throng,  
The Daughter of great PAN, our King,  
AMELIA claims our Song:  
Let every Grove and Valley ring,  
And warble every Tongue.

But oh all accents must prove faint,  
To speak her charming Grace,  
What mortal fancy e'er cou'd paint,  
What artfull tongue exprest,  
Her comely Features lively teint,  
Or Cupids in her Face.

Nor fierce, nor languid are her Eyes,  
 Her Lips the Rubies deck;  
 From Beds of Lillies, Roses rise,  
 To blush upon her Cheek:  
 Her flowing Locks, the Chestnut dyes,  
 To shade her snowy Neck.

Her Mind is solid, quick, and clear,  
 Her Heart's of Grace a flame;  
 And Innocence gives such an Air,  
 To all her Beauteous frame:  
 That Virtuous, Witty, easy, fair,  
 In her seem all the same.

When she deigns with her rural Host,  
 To Dance, or tune the Lyre,  
 'Tis hard to say, whose move the most,  
 They all so much admire;  
 And yet her Air is so compos'd.  
 She fans no fatal fire.

The Nymphs and Shepherds thro' the Plain,  
 Her Will with joy obey.  
 With guiltless ardour ev'ry Swain,  
 Submits to her soft sway;  
 She pleases all, they please again,  
 She's blest, and happy they.

### F L U T E.

The musical score consists of three staves of music for Flute. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3/4') and common key (indicated by 'C'). The middle staff is in common time (indicated by '9/8') and common key (indicated by 'C'). The bottom staff is in common time (indicated by 'S:'), has a key signature of one sharp (indicated by 'F#'), and includes a bass clef. The music features various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes connected by beams.

When Yielding first to DAMONS flame I funk in

to his Arms he swore he'd ever be the same then Rifled

all my Charms But fond of what he'd long de-

fir'd Too Greedy of his Prey My Shepherds flame a

las Expir'd before the Verge of Day

My Innocence in Lovers Wars  
Reproach'd his Quick Defeat

Confus'd Asham'd and bath'd in Tears

I mourn'd his cold Retreat

At length Ah Shepherds Cry'd he

Wou'd you my Fire Renew

Alas you must Retreat like me

I'm left if you purfue

How welcome my Shepherd how welcome to me is

ev'ry Oc-casion of meeting with thee but when thou art Absent how

Joyles am I methinks I contented could sit down and dye I

rail at the Hours that so slowly they move while I'm at a Distance from

all that I Love then weeping complain of my ill natur'd Fate Re

pine at my being and curse my sad State I

With trifling Amusements I sometime beguile  
 My cares for a Moment and Carefully smile  
 But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul  
 And in my sad Bosom new Hurricanes roll  
 No Joy can be lasting when thou art not here  
 Thy Presence alone can thy Shepherds cheer  
 Thy Looks like the sun chase all Vapours away  
 And Blest with thy Sight I could always be Gay.

How happy am I while upon thee I gaze  
 How pleas'd with the Beauty that shines in thy Face  
 What Charms do I find in thy Person and air  
 And if you converse I for ever could hear  
 The oftner I see you the more I approve  
 The Choice I have made and am fix'd in my Love  
 For Merit like yours still brighter is shewn  
 And more must be valu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse  
 And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse  
 Not all the vast Treasures of Wealthy Peru  
 To me would seem Precious if ballanc'd with you  
 For all my ambition to thee is confind  
 And nothing could please me if thou wert unkind  
 Then faithfully love me and Happier I'll be  
 Than plac'd on a Throne if to reign without Thee

flute

## My Apron Deary

Twas forth in a Morning a Morning of MAY A Soldier and his Mif

trefs were walking a stray And Low down by yon Meadow Brow. I

heard a Lass cry MY A - PRON - NOW

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother Thy Apron DEARY I must confess  
 Or had I taen Counsel of Sister or Brother Is something shorter tho naething left  
 But I was a young Thing and easy to woo I only was wi ye a Night or Two.  
 And my Belly bears up MY APRON NOW And yet you cry out MY APRON NOW

My Apron is made of lineum Twine  
 Well set about wi pearling Syne  
 I think it Great pity my Babe should tyne  
 And I'll row it in my Apron fine

flute

Why Cruel Creature why so bent to vex a tender Heart

To Gold and Title you Relent love Throws in Vain his Dart.

Yet Glittering Fools in Courts be great  
For Pay let Armies Move  
Beauty should have no other Bait  
But Gentle Vows and Love

If on those Endless Charms you lay  
The Value that's there Due  
Kings are themselfe to poor to pay  
A Thousand Worlds to Few

But if a passion with out Vice  
Without Disguise or Art  
Ah CELIA if True love's your Price  
Behold it in my Heart

## FLUTE

Vol IV

CLO - E when I view thee S mi - ling Toys Cælestial round  
 me Move Pleasing Visions Care be - gu - ling gaurd my State and  
 crown my Love To behold thee gayly shining is a Pleaf - - sure  
 past defi - ning every Feature charms my Sight but O  
 Heav'ns when I'm caref - - ing Thrilling Raptures ne - ver  
 cea - - sing fill my foul with soft Delight

15  
Oh thou Lovely dearest Creature  
Sweetest Charmer Enslaver of my Heart  
Beauteous Master piece of Nature  
Cause of all my Joy and smart  
In thy Arms enfold me lay me

To dissolving Blis convey me  
Softly Sooth my Soul to Rest  
Gently Kindly Oh my Treasure  
Bless me let me dye with Pleasure  
On thy Panting Snowy Breast



*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey*

Haste hast ye little Loves ye gentle

Zephyrs fly Bring with you Venus Doves & wast him Throug<sup>h</sup> Sky

To Fountains Grotts and Bows where Love is never coy  
 where Days shall seem but Hours and Time be kill'd with Joy

O teach me e'ry Art  
 And lend me eerv Grace  
 Within his Frozen Heart  
 To give my Paſſion place

Gay Goddefſ of Defire  
 Or make Aurora bleſt  
 Or quench at once Loves Fire  
 And tear him from my Breast

*flute*

CYNTHIA frowns when ere I woe her Yet she's vex't If

I give over Yet she's vex't If I give over Much the fears I

should un do her but much more to lose her Lover

thus in Doubting she Re-fuses and not Winning

thus she looses

Prythee CYNTHIA look behind you  
 Age and Wrinkles will o're take you  
 Then to late Desire will find you  
 When the power must forfaze you  
 Think O think O the sad Condition  
 To be past yet wish Fruition

## Galla Shiel



Ah the poor Shepherd's Mournful Fate When doom'd to Love



and doom'd to Languish to bear the scornful Fair one's Hate Nor



dare disclose his Anguish Yet ea-ger Looks and dying sighs



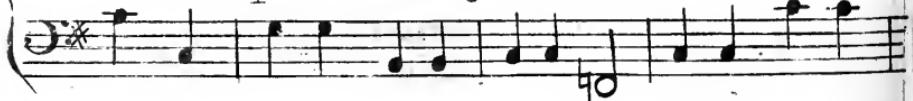
My secre't Soul discover While Rapture trembling thrō my Eyes



Reveals how much I love her The Tender Glance the red ning



Cheek O'erspread with ri-sing Blush-es A Thousand various



Fears they speak A Thousand various Wish-es

For oh that Form so heavenly fair  
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling  
 That Artless Blush and Modest Air  
 So fatally beguiling  
 Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace  
 So charm when e'er I view thee  
 Till Death o'er take me in the Chase  
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee  
 Then when my tedious Hours are past  
 Be this last Blessing giv'n  
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my Last  
 And die in Sight of Heav'n

The EXPOSTULATION .

O loveliest Fair to you my Song in Warbling Numbers flows For

you in spire my grateful Tongue And dis-sipate my Woes My Mind

when you with Rays divine In-spi — re does like you shine

At once reveal my cruel Fate  
 And let me know the Worst  
 I'll arm my self against your Hate  
 And bear to be Accurst  
 If't must be so my Doom I'll hear  
 These Doubts I cannot Bear.

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise  
 To view your charming Face  
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy lost in Amaze  
 I Blefs each sparkling Grace  
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes  
 And tell my Fears and Jovs

How long O loveliest Fair how long  
 Shall I my suff'rings bear  
 Why do you thus my Paffion wrong  
 And sink me in Despair  
 Now lifted high now funk as low  
 You Plunge me still in Woe

Poor Mariners when storms run high  
 Like Terrors undergo  
 Sometimes they're Wafted to the Sky  
 Then Plung'd in Sands below  
 No more torment me but be kind  
 And cure my Troubled Mind

flute

A handwritten musical score for flute, consisting of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns with slurs and grace notes. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth and sixteenth note patterns with slurs and grace notes. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth and sixteenth note patterns with slurs and grace notes.

21  
*A Favourite Song by Mr. Handel*

66 66 6 6 5 66 65 64# 6 6 5 43 6 6 6 6 6 6 See

see my Charmer flies me unkindly she denies me and strives to give me

pain and strives to give me pain and strives to give me





ruin and court my own undoing and court my own undoing or  
 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her disdain shall I pursue my  
 6 4# 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

ruin and court my own undoing or laugh at her disdain or  
 6 6 6 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her Disdain Da Capo  
 4 3 6 6 #

Con spirito

TAKE advice, my Gallant Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addreses never fail her, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair. Take advice, my Gallant Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addreses never fail her, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair.

If your CLOE flights the Passion,  
 The Wind may change from cold to hot;  
 Women fickle, 'tis the fashion,  
 Champain soon makes that forgot.

In a Bumper Toast the Charmer,  
 Froth and sprinkle to the brim;  
 Sigh on her Breast till you disarm her,  
 For to Love, my Friend's no Sin.

If this Cruel frowns with rancour,  
 Most fullingly will not comply;  
 In her harbour don't drop Anchor,  
 To a gentler Climate fly.

Better Ship-wreckt on a Shore,  
 Distant from your native Lands,  
 Than ever see your CLOE more,  
 Squeez'd and prest by Rival's hands.

## FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL MARINER. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

 Three staves of musical notation for The Faithful Mariner, written in common time with a key signature of B-flat major. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first staff starts with a dotted half note followed by a series of eighth notes. The second staff begins with a half note. The third staff starts with a dotted half note.
 

To you who live at Home at Ease, And Revel in De-light; To you who

live at Home at Ease, And Revel in Delight; We Mariners that sail the

Seas, Befriended by a gen-tle Breeze, To you we thus Indite.

Let all your Perturbations die,  
 Your private Feuds allay;  
 Let ev'ry Animosity  
 For ever in Oblivion lye,  
 Now we are gone to Sea.

When forked Light'ning flies amain,  
 And Thunder splits our Mait;  
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,  
 Compell'd by you to croſt the Main,  
 For Humane Frailties paſt.

I hope to ſee my Dear once more,  
 Tho' I my Voy'ge purſue;  
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,  
 To waſt me from BRITANNIA's Shore,  
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,  
 Nor poyſon'd INDIAN Dart;  
 But while engag'd in Hostile Arms,  
 I'll be inspir'd by MOLLY's Charms,  
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having ſuffer'd an Exile,  
 And favour'd by the Wind;  
 Enrich'd with CAROLINA's ſpoyl,  
 And coasting for my Native Iſle,  
 Perhaps ſhe'll then prove kind.

### F L U T E.

The musical score for the Flute consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time, key of B-flat major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), followed by a double bar line and a repeat sign, indicating a section of the piece.

Honour, that so oft you boast on,  
 Love possessing once the Mind,  
 Only is a vain Pretension,  
 Women use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,  
 Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;  
 She, who long persists denying,  
 Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,  
 By her silly Doubts betray'd;  
 When she'd yield to share the Blessing,  
 May, neglected, dye a Maid.

## F L U T E.

29

A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

Largo

Ah! how sweet it is to Love. Ah! how gay is young Desire;  
 And what pleasing Pains we prove, When first we feel a Lover's fire.  
 Pains of Love are sweeter far, Then all other Pleasures are, Pains of  
 Love are sweeter far, Than all o'ther Pleasures are.

Sights which are from Lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the Heart;  
 E'en the Tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart.  
 Lovers when they lose their Breath,  
 Bleed away an eas'y Death.

Love, and Time, with Rev'rence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting Friend;  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse,  
 Which in Youth sincere they send:  
 For each Year their Price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,  
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein:  
 But each Tide does less supply,  
 'Till they quite shrink in again.  
 If a flow in Age appear,  
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

## FLUTE.



## The Bonny Scot.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the can-ny

Boat-man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My brave, my

bonny Scot-Man: In ha-ly Bands we join'd our Hands, Yet

may not this dif-co ver, While Parents rate a large Estate, Be-



But I loor chuse in HIGHLAND Glens,  
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends,  
 Refuse my bonny Scot-Man.  
 Wae worth the Man,  
 Wha first began,  
 The base ungenerous Fashion,  
 Frae greedy Views,  
 Love's Art to use,  
 While Strangers to its Passion.

From foreign Fields, my lovely Youth.  
 Haste to thy longing Lassie.  
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,  
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.  
 Love gi'es the Word,  
 Then haste on Board,  
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man.  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
 Frae yonder Shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot Man.

### FLUTE.



The MOCK SONG Sung by MR. ROBERTS at the Theatre.  
Royal in DRURY LANE.

THE Italian Nymphs and Swains, that adorn the Op'ra Stage, With their

Ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. So sweetly they Engage, that we die upon their

Strains, With a ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. Their ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. with-

out a grain of Sence, Has mollify'd our Brains, and we're fobb'd out of our

Pence, with their ha. ha. ha. &c.

Ad Libitum

But I hope the time will come, when their Favourers will find,  
With a Ha. ha. ha. &c.  
They have paid too great a Sum to Italian Pipes for Wind.  
With a Ha. ha. ha. &c.  
When English Wit again, and Merit too shall thrive,  
And Men of Fortune to support that Wit and Merit strive,  
In spite of Ha. ha. ha. &c.

# The Charms of Beauty Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Whichillo <sup>33</sup>

The Charms that blooming Beauty shows From Faces heav'nly fair  
We to the Lilly and the Rose with Semblance Apt Compare.

With Semblance Apt for ah. how soon  
How soon they all decay.

The Lilly droops the Rose is gone  
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue shines confess  
With sweet Discretion joind  
When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast  
And Wisdom guides the Mind

When Charms like these dear Maid conspire  
Thy Person to Approve  
They kindle generous chaste Desire  
And everlasting Love

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate  
These Graces shall endure  
Still like the Passion they create  
Eternal constant pure

*flute*

The musical score for the flute consists of two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. Both staves feature a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

A Sea Song Set by D<sup>r</sup>. Pepusch

Hark hark methink I hear the Sea men call The Bloistrous feamen  
 say Bright CASTABELLA come away The Wind fits fair <sup>g</sup> Vessel's bout &  
 tall Bright Castabella come away for Time and Tide can never stay

Our mighty Master NEPTUNE calls aloud  
 The ZEPHYRS gently blow  
 The TRITONS cry You are too flow  
 For ev'ry Sea Nymph of the glittering crowd  
 Has Garlands ready to throw down  
 When you ascend your wat'ry Throne

See fee she comes she comes and now adieu  
 Let's bid adieu to shore  
 And to whate'er we feard before  
 O CASTABELLA we depend on you  
 On you our better Fortunes lay  
 Whom both the Winds and Seas obey

*Flute*

# The Happy Meeting

35

The musical score consists of two staves, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The first staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "Be - neath the shady Willow Trees Upon the Mofsy." The second staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "Green where Zephyr fanns with gentle Breeze And." The third staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "Jefmin Groves are seen Where circling Woodbines." The fourth staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "rise and where Unplanted Myr - tle Grows And." The fifth staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "where the whole re - voly - ing Year Each." The sixth staff begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "gliding Riv - let flows". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing on both staves.

Be - neath the shady Willow Trees Upon the Mofsy.

Green where Zephyr fanns with gentle Breeze And.

Jefmin Groves are seen Where circling Woodbines.

rise and where Unplanted Myr - tle Grows And.

where the whole re - voly - ing Year Each.

gliding Riv - let flows

Where blushing Roses do abound  
 And Lillies raise their Heads  
 And Violets diffuse around  
 Sweet Fragrance from their Beds  
 There near a gentle purling Brook  
 Was Mournful STREPHON laid  
 Neglected was his Silver Crook  
 He dying for a Maid

Adieu to all this verdant Grove  
 And Chrystral Streams said he  
 Adieu to my ungrateful Love  
 Whom I shall never see  
 But yet I'll Blefs that Charming Face  
 E'en with my parting Breath  
 That shines with such Majestick Grace  
 From whence procdes my Death.

When SILVIA found his Love was true  
 She quick flew to his Arms  
 Said she no one on Earth but you  
 Shall e'er possefs my Charms  
 Then did the Happy Couple stay  
 In this Delightful Grove  
 And pafs'd the blissful Hours away  
 In pleasing Acts of Love.

## FLUTE

flute

The musical score consists of three staves of common time (indicated by a 'C') for a flute. The first staff begins with a key signature of B-flat major (two flats). The second staff begins with a key signature of A major (no flats or sharps). The third staff begins with a key signature of G major (one sharp). The notation is primarily sixteenth-note patterns, with various rests and a double bar line with repeat dots.

A Favourite air by Mr. Handel <sup>37</sup>



A musical score for a three-part setting (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time (indicated by '3'). The score consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing in the Alto and Bass staves. The lyrics are:

Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my Soul is lost in Joy

all my Soul is lost in Joy

The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Figured bass notation is provided below the bass staff, with figures such as 8, 6, 5, and 6 appearing above the bass line. The score is written on a grid of five-line staves.

all my soul is lost in Joy  
 Gaz - ing  
 on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in  
 Joy all my Soul is lost in Joy all my Soul  
 Joy all my Soul is lost in Joy all my Soul

all my soul all all all my soul is lost in Ioy

all my

Soul is lost in Ioy

The af

fords eternal Pleasure eternal Plea - - -  
 6 5

# # 6

- - - sure and can never never cloy - - -  
 5 2

6 6 6 6 5 5 6 6 6 6

- - - the af - fords eter - nal Pleasure  
 6 G G# G # 7 \* 8 5

and can never no ne ver Cloy Da Capo  
 6 # 6 4 # 5

CÆLIA with an Artful Care treats her poor unhappy Lover  
 the for bids me to dispair yet my sighs and Tears can't  
 move her CÆLIA if you'd eafe my pain grant the  
 favour or deny it since I court your Smiles in  
 Vain let a Frown re store my quiet

Kind CUPID now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but

with Compassion move her to soften her Disdain Kind CUPID

Now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but with Com...

passion move her but with Compassion move her to soften her dis...

dain to Soften her dis...

dain to sof... ten to soften her dis...

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- dain to soften her Disdain 6 6 6 6 6 6  
 Hard fate I had to woe her condemn'd thus to pur  
 sue her like TANTALUS for e - ver Striving but all in  
 Vain like TANTALUS for e - - - - ver Striving but  
 all in Vain like TANTALUS for  
 Ever Striving but all in Vain Da Capo

The Gentry to the Kingshead go the Nobles to the Crown the

Knight you'l att the Garter find and att the Plough the Clown but

well beat Ev'ry Bush Boys in Hunting of good Wine And Value .

not a Rush Boys my Landlord or his Signe

The Bishop to the Miter goes  
 The Sailor to the Star  
 The Parson Topes beneath the Rose  
 Att the Trumpett Men of War, But well

The Bankrupt to the World End roams  
 No Fair the Feather Scorns  
 The Lawyer to the Devil runs  
 The Tradefman to the Horns  
 But well

2

Thou only truly self adord  
 Nature Alas in vain  
 Does now her Master piece afford  
 While you her Beauties stain

3

Big With Conceit of Conquests great  
 False Graces you alarm  
 But ah how treacherous they retreat  
 And do their Chief disarm

4

Yet if Contentment CLOE can  
 In fancy'd Triumphs find  
 Despair not Conquest to obtain  
 Flattery weak and Blind

5

Leave to Contend with truth and Sense  
 Too Mighty to Oppose  
 And smiling Obling War Commence  
 With Coxcombs Fools and Beaux

*Flute*

Oh Ioy a-  
bate thy Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport  
stay to bear my Soul away  
Oh Ioy Ioy a bate the

Vol. IV.

Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Tran-

sports stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy a-bate thy

Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport stay to

bear my soul away or

let thy Transport stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy

a


 A musical score for a vocal piece. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for a soprano or similar voice, and the bottom staff is for a bass or alto. The music is in common time. The vocal line includes lyrics in parentheses. The vocal line starts with a series of eighth-note chords, followed by a bass line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line then begins with "a bate thy tide in gentler currant glide in gentler", followed by a bass line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with "currant glide O who would longer live if longer still to", followed by a bass line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line then begins with "live one Moment spent with you is Wor", followed by a bass line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with "th is worth an Age of woe D.C.", followed by a bass line with eighth-note chords.

a bate thy tide in gentler currant glide in gentler  
 currant glide O who would longer live if longer still to  
 live one Moment spent with you is Wor  
 th is worth an Age of woe D.C.

## The SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

COME and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a  
 Brother Tarr your pity, Who was once so Stout and Bold! But the  
 Arrows of CUPID, A-las! has made me rue; Sure true  
 love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful SUE.

When I landed first at Dover,  
 She appear'd a Goddess bright;  
 From Foreign Parts I was just come over,  
 And was struck with feare at sight:  
 On the shore pretty SUE, I land,  
 Near to where our Frigates lay,  
 And altho' so near the land,  
 I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,  
 The delight of Land and Sea;  
 No man ever saw a sweeter,  
 I'd have kept her company;

I'd have fain made her my True Love,  
 For Better, or for Worse;  
 But alas! I cou'd not compass her,  
 For to stear the Marriage Course.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,  
 Cou'd have come into my mind,  
 Than to see the bold DEFIANCE,  
 Sailing right before the Wind:  
 O'er the white waves as she danced,  
 And her Colours gayly flew;  
 But that was not half so charming,  
 As the Trim of lovely SUE.

On a Rocky Coast I've driven,  
 Where the stormy Winds do rise,  
 Where the rowling mountain Billows,  
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:  
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,  
 Little dread I ever knew,  
 When compared to the Dangers,  
 In the frowns of scornful SUE.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,  
 Had the heart to use me so;  
 Till I found by often sounding,  
 She'd another love in tow:  
 So farewell hard hearted SUKEY;  
 I'll my fortune seek at Sea,  
 And try in a more friendly Latitude  
 Since I in yours cannot be.

### FLUTE.

51

A SONG      The Words by MR. MANLEY.

YE hap-py Nymphs, whose harmleſs Hearts, No fatal  
 Sorrows prove; Who ne-ver knew Men's faithleſs Arts, Or  
 felt the Pangs of Love.

If dear Contentment is a Prize,  
 Believe not what they fay,  
 Their specious tales are all disguise,  
 Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief,  
 From Cares how can we fly,  
 When our fond Sex is all belief,  
 And Man is all a lye.

FLUTE.

## A YORKSHIRE SONG by Mr. CAREY.

I am in Truth, a Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions;  
 Yet virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my steps and Passions.  
 No courtly Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If  
 you can like a Yorkshire Tike, An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,  
 With slander hung,  
 Does oft belye our County;  
 No Men on Earth,  
 Boast greater Worth,  
 Or more extend their Bounty;  
 Our Northern Breeze,  
 With us agrees,  
 And does for Buf'ness fit us;  
 In publick Cares,  
 In Love's affairs,  
 with Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind,  
 Is ne'er confin'd,  
 To any Shire or Nation;  
 He gains most praise,  
 Who best displays,  
 A Gen'rous Education.  
 While rancour rolls,  
 In narrow Souls,  
 By narrow Views discerning;  
 The truly wife,  
 Will only prize,  
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

FORGIVE me if your looks I thought, Did once fome  
 change discover; To be too Jealous, is the fault, Of ev'ry  
 tender Lover: My Truth those kind Reproaches shew, Which  
 you blame so se-vere-ly; A Sign, alas! you little know, What  
 'tis to love sincerely.

The torment of a long Despair,  
 I did in silence smother;  
 But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear.  
 To think you love another.  
 My Fate depends alone on you,  
 I am but what you make me;  
 Divinely blest, if you prove true,  
 Undone, if you forsake me.

The Words by Mr. DILBURY. The Musick by Mr. D. Fox.

SHE who my fond Heart possesseſſes, Is of late ſo  
 Fickle grown; That to ev'-ry Fop who dresseth, Will be  
 Prating with her own.

And if any chance to name her,  
I as ravish'd do appear,:S:  
Now I blush, leaſt they Defame her,  
With ſome Truth I cannot hear.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,  
If she but my Words deny, :S:  
Soon she makes me quit my Railing,  
And I give my thoughts the lie.

You, whose skill in Love is greater,  
Say what Charm compels my Fate! say  
Say what makes me love her better,  
Whom, I fear, I ought to Hate.

How blyth ilk Morn was I to fee,  
The Swain come o'er the Hill!

He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me:  
I met him with good Will.

O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb  
while his Flock near me lay;  
He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en.  
And chear'd me a' the Day.

O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,  
The Birds stood list'ning by;  
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his Melody.

O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by turns,  
Betwixt our Flocks and Fly;  
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,  
 That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be;  
 He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse,  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my crook'd Stick,  
 May now lie useless by,  
 My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,  
 That held my Wee Soup Whey.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye COWDENKNOWS, adieu;  
 Farewell a' Pleasures there;  
 Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the Bonny Broom,  
 The Broom of COWDENKNOWS:  
 I wish I were at hame again,  
 To milk my Daddy's Ews.

F L U T E.

The musical score consists of two staves of music for Flute. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It features a variety of notes including eighth and sixteenth notes, with several grace notes indicated by small '6' and '8' symbols above the main notes. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It also contains eighth and sixteenth notes, along with grace notes. The two staves are connected by a brace.

Set by Mr. SMITH.

Andante

WHEN Lover's for favour, for  
 favour Petition, Oh then they approach with respect, But  
 when in our hearts they've admision they tre.....

at, they treat us with sco...rn, with

scorn and neglect.

When Lover's for favour Petition, Oh

then they approach with respect, But when in our

hearts they've ad...mission, they

treat us with they

treat us with sco...rn.

with scorn and neglect.

Dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to deceive, 'tis safer, much  
 safer to fly 'em, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to  
 believe, to believe, 'tis dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to de-  
 ceive, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to believe.  
 Da Capo

# Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Boyce

61

OF all the Torments all the Care by which our Lives are  
Croft of all the sorrows that we bear a Rival is the worst by  
Partners in a nother kind af flictions easier grow in Love a  
lone we hate to find Com parions in our woe

SILVIA for all the Storms you see

Arising in my Breast

I beg not that you'd Pity mee

But that you'd flight the rest

Howe'er fevere your rigours are

Alone with them I'll Cope

I can endure my own Despair

But not another's hope

## FLUTE



Set by Mr. Carey



cere - ly when you've be tray'd you'l treat me se - vere - ly

when you've be tray'd you'l treat me se - vere - ly And .

fly

fly what once you

did pur - fue

Happy the fair who ne'er be lieves you but gives def-  
 pair or else decieves you and Learns in-con stan-  
 cy from you happy the fair who ne'er be lieves  
 you but gives def-pair or else de cieves you  
 and Learns in constan-cy from you Da Capo

## A Two Part SONG, the Words by MR LEVERIDGE

Put Briskly round the Spa... - - - - - rking

Put Briskly round the Spa... - - - - -

Glafs Put briskly round the Spa... - - - - - rk

rkling Glafs the Spar... - - - - - rk

ling Glafs the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

ling Glafs the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

VOL. 1.

and make the most of it Brimfull of Claret      Brimfull of

and make the most of it      Brimfull      Brimfull

Claret      Brimfull      Brimfull Brimfull of Claret each Night let me

Brimfull Brimfull of Claret      Brimfull of Claret each Night let me

be then then I've my wish then then then then then then

be then I've my wish      then then then then then then

then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree

then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree

A SONG set by MR MONRO

67

Heaven's Offspring Beauty Rare VENUS her peculiar

Care CUPID tiffles ev'ry Grace to A-dorn

thy fairer Face To A-dorn thy

fair-er Face

Earliest Bud was ever seen

Thus to Bloom at Fifteen

Thro whose Actions sweetly flows

All experienc'd Women knows

On thee fits with Decent Pride

Wisdom best and surest Guide

Then how strong the Influence

Of thy charming Wit and Sense

When to Harmony you move  
 Each Spectator's tund to Love  
 Ev'ry Step is CUPID'S Dart  
 Softly stealing to my Heart

Strange that lively Sounds shoud cure  
 Yet give Pains which I endure  
 Musick that can others Free  
 Of Infection poifon's me

Guardian SYLPHS that Flight in Air  
 Tell my Sorrows to the Fair  
 Let your murmurring Pinions prove  
 How I groan and how I Love

And if Deaf to all my Woe  
 Her the Mute Creation Show  
 How the Boughs of ev'ry Kind  
 Hug and kifs in Friendship joyn'd

Show her Eyes how curling Vines  
 Fold their Elmes in Am'rous Twines  
 Touch'd by such Examples she  
 May incline to Love and me

## FLUTE



See the radiant Queen of Night sheds on all her  
kindly beams gilds the plains with cheerful light and sparkles  
in the Silver Streams see the radiant Queen of Night sheds  
on all her kindly beams gilds the plains with cheerful light and  
Sparkles in the silver Streams

Smiles adorn the face  
of Nature tasteles all things yet appear unto me a  
haples Creature in the Absence of my dear D C

## FLUTE



## The Thoughtfull Lover

Where ever I am and whatever I do my PHILLIS is

Still in my Mind If angry mean not to PHILLIS to go my

Feet of themselfe the Way find Unknown to my self I am just at

her Door and when I woud rail I can bring out no more than

PHILLIS too fair and un kind than PHILLIS too fair and unkinl.

When **PHILLIS** I see my Heart burns in my Breast  
 The Love I would stifle is shewn  
 Asleep or awake I am never at Rest  
 When from my Eyes **PHILLIS** is gone  
 Sometimes a sweet Dream dos delude my fad Mind  
 But when I awake and no **PHILLIS** can find  
 I sigh to my self all alone  
 I sigh to my self all alone

A King as my Rival in her I adore  
 Would offer his Treasure in vain  
 O let me alone to be happy and poor  
 And give me my **PHILLIS** again  
 Let **PHILLIS** be mine and for ever be Kind  
 I would to a Defart with her be confind  
 And envy no Monarch his Reign  
 And envy no Monarch his Reign

Alas I Discover too much of my Love  
 And she too well knows her own Power  
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove  
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour  
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind  
 I'd rather love **PHILLIS** though false and unkind  
 Than ever be freed from her Power  
 Than ever be freed from her Power

## FLUTE



Set by Sig<sup>r</sup>. VERDINI.

Not too fast.

Dear SALLY thy Charms have undone me. They've rob'd me of  
 Freedom and Joy. Then, dearest, my SALLY smile on me. For Death is my  
 Fate if thou'rt Coy. For Death is my Fate if thou'rt Coy. Be  
 cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying. Since Murders so heinous comply.  
 And torture me not with de-lay-ing, Since ev'ry crois Chit can de-  
 ny. Since ev'ry crois Chit can deny.

6 6 6 \* 6 6 \* 6 6 \*

6 6 6 \* 6 6 \* 6 6 \*

6 6 6 \*

Consider, my Angel, why nature,  
 In forming you, took such delight;  
 Don't think you were made that fair Creature,  
 For nought but to dazzle the Sight:  
 No, JOVE, when he gave you those Graces,  
 Intended you solely for Love,  
 And gave you the fairest of Faces,  
 The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty Maiden, remember,  
 That the Flower that's blooming in May,  
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,  
 And cast unregarded away:  
 So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,  
 Who takes at her Lover distaste,  
 She trifles till Thirty disarms her,  
 And then dies forsaken at last.

FLUTE.



Set by MR. EVERIDGE.

The image shows a musical score for flute and voice. The flute part is identical to the one above, with the key signature changing every two measures. The voice part is in common time (indicated by '6/8' with a '6' over a '8') and is written in a soprano vocal range. The lyrics are as follows:

WHEN our Hearts are new kindl'd to jump at a Beauty, Our Onset will

The music consists of two staves: one for the flute and one for the voice. The voice part uses a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests. The flute part follows the key changes indicated in the vocal line.

surely come off with a Blast; We ought to have leasure, 'tis civil & Duty, Let's  
 Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last: But to jumble our Love and en-  
 joyment together, Makes two Months of Summer, and ten of cold Weather.

Gentle Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,  
 Wants only improvement to make it endure,  
 But so oft tis transplanted, which makes it each hour,  
 So droop and decay, 'tis almost past a Cure.  
 But to jumble, &c.

Yet if some kind Damsel the Creature woud nourish,  
 By a secret enchantment her goodness might bring,  
 At every touch it would rise up and flourish,  
 And seems to enjoy a perpetual Spring.  
 But to jumble, &c.

F L U T E.

Sung by Mr. ESTE in the HONEST YORKSHIRE-MAN.

BARTLEDOM Fair, since thy Lord Mayor has cry'd thee down,

There's nought worth regarding, I woudn't give a Farthing, for

LONDON Town; Such Pork, such Pig, such Game, such Rig, such

Rattling there, But all's done, there's no Fun, At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Farewell ye Joys  
Of Prentice Boys,  
And pretty Maids,  
The Country and Court  
Have lost all their Sport,  
And the SHOW-FOLKS their Trades;  
Nay, Even the Cit,  
In a Generous Fit,  
Wou'd take SPOUSY there;  
But all's done,  
There's no Fun,  
At BARTLEDOM Fair.

# Set by Mr. Carey

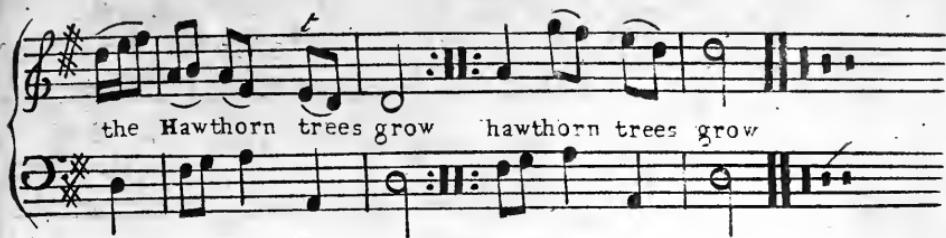
When did you see any falsehood in me that thus you unkindly sus-  
pect me Speak speak your mind for I fear you're inclind in  
spite of my truth to reject me If't must be so to the Wars I will  
go where danger my Passion shall smother I'd rather perish there by  
linger in Despair or see you in the Arms of Another

flute



## The Yellow Hair'd LADDIE A Scotch SONG

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet plain and  
 Summer approaching rejoyceth the Swain The yellow Hair'd  
 LADDIE woud often times go To wilds and Deep Glens where



There under the shade of an old Sacred Thorn  
 With freedom he sung his Loves ev'ning and Morn  
 He sang with so soft and Inchanting a sound  
 That Silvians and Fairies unseen danc'd around

The Shepherd thus sung tho' young MAYA be fair  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air  
 But SUSIE was handsom and Sweetly could sing  
 Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her youth  
 Like the Moon was unconstant and never spoke truth  
 But SUSIE was faithfull good Humour'd and free  
 And fair as the Goddess that sprung from the Sea

That Mammas fine Daughter with all her great dow'r  
 Was Aukwardly Airy and frequently Sow'r  
 Then fighing he wished would Parents agree  
 The witty sweet SUSIE his Mistres might be.

Flute



## The Power of Love A Song

Such Guns or Spears  
Who fees or hears  
Of Deaths may take his Choice  
For tho he flies  
Her piercing Eyes  
She'll reach him with her Voice

When Wit perwades  
And Beauty leads  
Our senfes all to Ioy  
Not DIDO'S Guest  
Coud guard his Breast  
Against the CYPRIAN Boy

But if his Bow  
And Arrows too  
Were broken all and lost  
None cou'd withstand  
Her Naked Hand  
They'll feel it to their Cost

Flute

When gazing on his PHILLIS Eyes young CORTIDON did

lye such Transport did his soul surprize that fain the youth

would dye his Life was pressing to be gone call'd out by pow'r

full Charms the fwain yet Loath to dye alone catch d Phillis in his Arms

The Nymph that sick and longing lay  
 For Death as well as He  
 Cry'd now my Shepherd dye away  
 And I will dye with thee :  
 Thus by Content the Lovers dye  
 But with so little Pain  
 That both receive and Instantly  
 Prepare to dye again .

82 A Song to a Favourit Minuet of M<sup>r</sup> Handels

STREPHON in vain thou Courtest Oc-casion with tender Per-  
 fwasion to Combat dif-dain rouze up thy Soul nor let the  
 Ungratefull tho Love-ly de ceitfull thy Reafon Controal  
 While thy fond heart flows with soft art Pride hears with  
 Pleasure exalts a bove Measure new charms supplys false  
 smiles dif-guise the In-fo-lent Triumph that giles her Eyes

Rouse up thy Soul nor let the ungratefull tho. Lovely de -  
ceitfull thy Reason Control

Let bards abound  
With Flames darts and alters  
When e're their fence falters  
To flatter in found  
Let the fair know  
As bright as her Face is  
She's made for Embraces  
With Creature's below

Smiles to respect  
Frowns to neglect  
Shews You're Redeem her  
From Pride to Esteem her  
When kind Alarms  
Awake her Charms  
The fence Ruptur'd Goddef's  
Leaps into your Arms

Let the fair know  
As bright as her Face is  
She's made for Embraces  
With Creatures below

Advice from BACCHUS . The Words by MR BOWMAN .

He's an ASS that repines when his Mistress does Chide Let him

Laugh at her Frowns twill soon level her pride If she vows to she hates him to  
 lengthen his pain Let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her disdain let him  
 Swe - ar let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her Disdain

Who wou'd Cringe to a Woman or bow for a Kiss  
 When brisk Wine has more Charms than are found in a Miss  
 If a Slave he wou'd be and his Freedom resign  
 Let him shun a Coy Mistress and Worship his Wine

## FLUTE

My Love was fickle once and changing nor  
 e're would set tie in my heart From Beauty still to  
 Beauty ranging in ev'ry face I found a Dart

Twas first a Charming shape enslav'd me  
 An Eye then gave the fatal stroke  
 Till by her Wit CORINNA fav'd me.  
 And All my Former Fetter broke

But now along and lasting Anguish  
 For BELVIDERA I endure  
 Hourly I sigh and Hourly languish  
 Nor hope to find the wonted Cure

For here the false unconstant lover  
 After a Thousand \_\_\_\_\_ shown,  
 Does new surprizing Charms discover  
 And finds Variety in one

Sheet music for a solo instrument (likely Oboe or Violin) and basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line is in soprano range.

Text of the song:

No no no more complain no no no more complain no no no  
 more complain no no no more complain I wear another's Chain I  
 wear another's chain in vain you Languish in vain in vain you Lan-  
 guish you Languish no no no more complain no  
 no no more complain I wear another's Chain in vain you Lan-guish no  
 no no more Complain no no no more Complain I wear another's

Chain I wear another's Chain

in vain you Languish in vain in

vain you Languish in vain you Languish

This is the fate of love this

is the fate of Love the Joy of one shall prove shall prove shall

prove a nother's Anguish another's An...guish No

not too fast

Would we attain the Happiest State that is design'd us here no

Joy a Rapture must create no Greif be - get def-pair No

Injury feirce An-ger raise no Honour tempt to pride no

vain Desires of Empty Praise must in the Soul a bide

No charms of Youth or Beauty move

The Constant settled Breast

Who leaves a Pafnage free to Love

Shall let in all the reft

In such a Breast soft peace will live

Where none of these abound

The greatest blesſind Heav'n can give

Or can on Earth be found

# Set by Mr. D. Fox

89

CUPID Since my Heart you've Wounded teach me

to Ex-pre's my Flame As my Paßion is Un-

bounded make my Charmer Feel the fame

Tell dear CLOE how Uneafie

Ev ry Night in Thought I Spend  
Rest forsaking Ever Bufie  
Ask her when my Cares shall End

She who's of so Sweet a Nature  
Cannot sure the Love Despise  
Which the Raifes in a Creature  
By the Magick of her Eyes

BACCHUS one day gay-ly Striding on his never failing

Tun Sneaking empty Pots deriding thus ad -

drefs'd each Toaping Son Praise the joy-ys that.

never vary and a dore the Liquid Shrine

All things noble gav and Airy are Perform'd by

Generous Wine

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory  
 Owe their noble rise to me  
 Poets wrote the flaming Story  
 Fir'd by my Divinity  
 If my Influence is wanting  
 Musicks charms but slowly move  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting  
 Till I fill the Swains with Love

If you crave eternal Pleasure  
 Mortals this way bend your eyes  
 From my ever flowing Treasure  
 Charming Scenes of bliss arise  
 Here's the Soothing balmy blessing  
 Sole dispeller of your pain  
 Gloomy Souls from care releasing  
 He who drinks not lives in Vain

## FLUTE

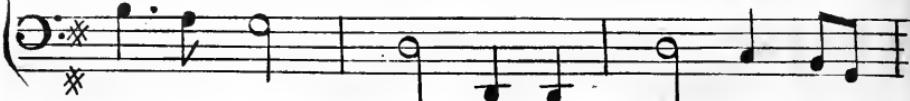


## Colin's Request Set to a Scotch Air

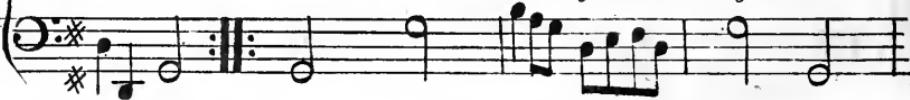
Two staves of musical notation. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of various notes and rests, with some notes having stems pointing up and others down. Below the first staff, the lyrics are written: "Help me Each Harmonious Grove gently Whisper all ye Trees". The bass staff continues the musical line.



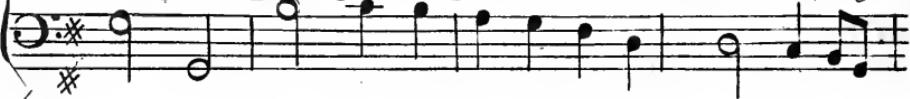
Tune Each warbling Throat to Love and cool each Mead with



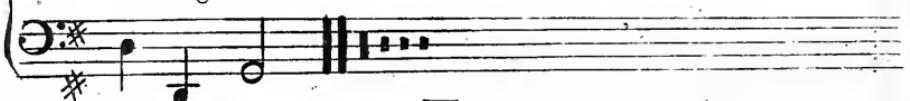
Softest Breeze Breath sweet Odours e-ery Flow'r all your Various



Paintings show pleasing verdure grace each Bow'r a round let e'ry



Blessing flow



Glide ye Lympid Brooks along.  
PH EB US glance thy Mildest Ray  
Murmuring Floods repeat my song  
And tell what COLIN dare not say

CELIA comes whose charming Air  
Fires with Love the rural Swains.  
'Tell a tell the Blooming fair  
That COLIN dyes if she Disdains.

### FLUTE



As Thomas and Harry one Midsummer Day were coming from

Mowing and turning of Hay Young Lucy and Agnes a milking had

been two cleverer Lasses you seldom have seen They both were fresh

coulourd and tidy and tall had wit and good Nature and Money with

all Smart Tommy first spy'd their and said to his friend to

talk with these Milkmuids a while I in tend They

Poor Harry was Marry'd yet nevertheless  
 No dislike he'd to Tommy's proposal express  
 But walk'd with Spruce Lucy for more than a Mile  
 And lent her his hand to get over the Stile  
 While Lucy quite Charm'd with his Person and Talk  
 Ne'er felt her full Milk Pail nor tir'd with the Walk  
 But Tommy grew Spightfull and bid him forbear  
 Since who for a Man that was Married woud care

Says Agnes why prithee now let him alone  
 What need you Dispute when you each may have one  
 Theres Lucy who ne'er had a Pleasure as yet  
 In ought but meere Beauty I dote upon Wit  
 Which you've in abundance but as for your Form  
 'Tis such as can ne'er have for Lucy a Charm  
 His Height and Complection his Feature and Hair  
 Were made just on purpose her Heart to ensnare

A Moment he Pauf'd on what Agnes had said  
 And found there was Reason and Sense in the Mail  
 Then told her if Wedlock was what she approv'd  
 She quickly shou'd find that he really lov'd  
 Tho before he for ever had made it his jest  
 He now was in Earnest in what he profest  
 She Answ'red she thank'd him for what he design'd  
 And wou'd see a Month hence if he held the same mind

But Harry the while with Conduct and Art  
 Had wound himself into poor Lucy's soft Heart  
 That she cry'd to go from him and said that again  
 She ne'er shoud be free from Affliction and Pain  
 And that she had lost all the Joy of her Life  
 From the Moment she heard he was ty'd to a Wife  
 While Thomas with Agnes Walk'd chearfully on  
 And whisper'd that her Friend and his were undone

flute

95



LOVE and INNOCENCE The Words by DR PARNELL



My Days have been so wond'rous free the little Birds that fly

With careleſs Ease from Tree to Tree were but as bleſt as I Ask

gliding Waters if a Tear of Mine increaſ'd their flowing Stream or

Ask the flying Gales if e'er I lent one ſigh to them

The musical score consists of five staves of 8/8 time. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are written below the staves. The music features various note patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal part is positioned below the flute part.

26  
But now my former Days retire  
And I'm by Beauty caught;  
The tender Chains of sweet Desire,  
Are fix'd upon my Thought.  
An eager Hope within my Breast  
Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,  
And charming CELIA stands confess'd  
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,  
Ye swains that haunt the Grove,  
Ye gentle Echoes, Breezy Winds  
Ye close Retreats of Love;  
With all of Nature, all of Art,  
Assist the soft and dear designs,  
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart  
To make fair Nancy mine

The very Thought of Change I hate,  
As much as of Despair,  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.  
Tis true, the Passion in my Mind  
Is mixt with a severe Distress,  
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less

### FLUTE



A SONG by an Eminent Master.

97

THOU only Charmer I ad-mire, My Hearts delight, my  
 soul's desire: Poffessing Thee, I've grea...ter store, Than  
 were I Lord of In..dian Shore.

Were ev'ry other Woman free,  
 And in the World no Man but me;  
 I'd singe Thee from all the rest,  
 To sweeten life, and make me blest.

F L U T E.

## Scornfu' NANCY.

There's NANSY's to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdpink chat-  
ring, And WILLY's follow'd her a-lane To gain her Love by flat'ring;  
But a' that he cou'd say or do, She snuft and snarled at him; And  
ay when he be-gan to woo, She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,  
My Minny or my Aunty?  
With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,  
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:  
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,  
Of thae there was right plenty,  
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;  
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty.  
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,  
 A Ha' House and a Pantry:  
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,  
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy:  
 And ay until the Day he died,  
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and wander on your Snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?  
 Wad ye compare ye'r fel' to me,  
 A Docken till a Tansie?  
 I have a Wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple SANDY,  
 And well I wat his bonny Mou  
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow NANSY, what needs a this Din?  
 Do I not ken this SANDY?  
 I'm sure the chief of a his Kin  
 Was RAB the Beggar randy:  
 His minny MEG upo' her Back  
 Bare baith him and his BILLY;  
 Will he compare a nasty Pack  
 To me your wifsome WILLY?

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,  
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty:  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasv,  
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,  
 And said, did SANDY hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,  
 I ken he disna fear ye:  
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and fay nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your fancy:  
 For as lang's SANDY'S to the Fore,  
 You never shall get NANSY.

I see she loves tho' virgin Shame Denies her to Confess it!

Her Eyes, the Tell-tale God proclaim, While Blushes rise to

hide her Flame, And help her to Express it.

Her Heart obeys my guilty Pray'r,  
 No Maiden Pride can aid her;  
 She soon shall ease my wanton Care,  
 And then shall Honour guard the Fair?  
 When NATURE has betray'd her.

## FLUTE.

A SONG by an Eminent Master.

TIS thee I Love, I'll constant prove; You are the Charmer  
of my Heart, Heart; Dearest believe me, I'll ne'er de-  
ieve thee, From CLOE, bright CLO-E, I ne'er can part.

Be kind as Fair,  
Oh ben't fevere,  
But shew compassion on your Swain;  
You'll ne'er repent it.  
No ne er relent it,  
Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my pain.

## FLUTE.

## The Adieu to the SPRING GARDENS at VAUX-HALL.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN *tr*

THE Sun now darts fainter his Ray, The Meadows no .

longer in-vite; The Wood-Nymphs are all tript a-way, No .

Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral

Scene, Where HARMONY charm'd with her Call: Where PLEASURE

pre-fi-ded as Queen; In <sup>e</sup> ec-cho-ing Shades of VAUX-HALL.

Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,

When wafted to th' ELYSIAN Plains,

As those which my Senses employ'd.

Convey'd to VAUX HALL, by the THAMES.

Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove;

My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:

I seem'd in Inchantment to rove,

And Deities gliding around.

How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze  
 Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!  
 Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,  
 I thought BEAUTY's Goddess was there.  
 Not VENUS, whose Smiles breed Allarms,  
 And with vain Allurements destroy;  
 But BEAUTY, whose Bashfulness charms,  
 And which when possest'd gives true Joy.

The Maid to whom Honour is dear,  
 Uncensur'd might take off her Glafs;  
 And stray among BEAUX without fear,  
 No Snake lurking there in the Grafs.  
 In blisful ARCADIA of old,  
 Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joynd,  
 The Swains thus discreetly were bold,  
 The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.

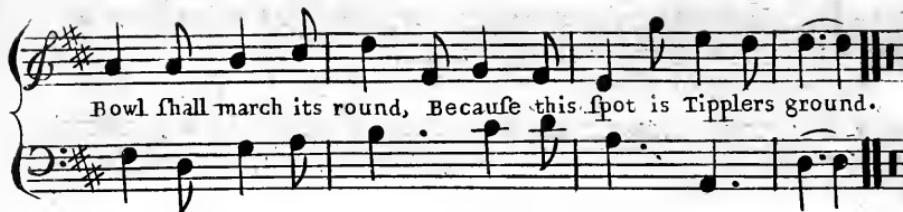
Old WINTER, with Icicles spread,  
 Will soon all his Horrors resume;  
 Those past, SPRING must lift her fair Head,  
 And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.  
 Thy Bowers, O VAUX-HALL, then shall rise,  
 In all the gay pride of the Field:  
 Thy Music shall sweetly Surprise;  
 To Thee, fam'd ELYSIUM shall yield.

### THE BACCHANALS.

The Words by Mr. JOHN LOCKMAN.

COME follow, follow me, All you that Tipplers be;

Come follow me your King, Then seated in a Ring, Swift the



Bowl shall march its round, Because this spot is Tipplers ground.

When Mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their Nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
The Nectar down does glide,  
Till over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,  
We tumble as gay as Fairy Elves.

And if the Punch be good,  
Gives Spirits to the Blood,  
We call Jack honest Blade,  
And surely he is paid,  
For e'ry Morn before we go,  
Each tips him a Twelver, a Sice, or so.

But if the 'Rack be foul,  
And will not chear the Soul,  
Down Stairs we, clinging, creep,  
And catch the Slave asleep:  
There we bang his Arms and Thighs,  
Bang them till he cannot rise.

Upon a Tun's round head,  
Our Napkin fair is spread;  
Neat's tongues, and fuch like Meat,  
Is diet that we eat:  
Then rich Wines, we smiling, drink,  
In ebony Cups, fill'd to the brink.

All Westphalia-ham we spy,  
We bring our Sovereign high.  
Replete, we chaunt a-while,  
And so the hours beguile;  
Then when the Moon does hide her head,  
We Tipplers reel away to bed.

But if, as along we pass,  
Some sober grave-fac'd Afs,  
Throws out his canting Talk,  
We drub him — and on we walk.  
So in the morning may be seen,  
By our Exploits, where we have been.

## The SUPPLIANT LOVER Set to Musick by MR Wm HODSON.

My Dearest CLOE, whom my Heart adores, let tender Pity Fill ..

Your Breast, Think, tis Your Faithfull STREPHON that Implores

Then kindly Smile and make me Blest;

2  
Your ev'ry Single Charm, my Soul Admires,  
Your Eyes those dazzling Beams of Light;  
Eclipse the Stars more Pale and Lambent Fires;  
Whose Lustre is not Half so Bright,

3  
Your Heav'ly Features, gracefull Shape and mein,  
By far transcend the common Fair,  
And rather Seem to rival Beautyes Queen;  
Than with a Mortal's Charms Compare.

4  
Of Lasting Happiness I Cannot Miss,  
When in Posession of Such Charms,  
Then let my Soul taste that Exstastick Bliss,  
That's to be found within your Arms,

## FLUTE

## Favourite Air by MR HANDEL

### Adagio

O Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful Lover a kind return obtain oh ease my Pain

Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful Lover a kind return obtain oh let a faithful Lover a kind return obtain my

Grief's beyond enduring my Sorrow's past all curing my

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain.

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain.

DaCapo

For the FLUTE

## The Country Girls Farewel,

Farewel ye Hills and Valleys, farewel ye verdant Shades; I'll  
 make more pleasant Sallies, To Plays and Masquerades with  
 Joy, for Town I barter, those Banks where Flowers grow, what are  
 Roses to a Garter? what Lillies to a Beau,

Farewel TOM, DICK, and HARRY,  
 Farewel MOLL, NELL, and SUE;  
 No longer must I tarry,  
 But bid you all Adieu,  
 For Time it will retire.  
 When amidst the Quality,  
 Where many a Knight and Squire,  
 Will gladly wait on me,

Farewel ye shady Bowers,  
 Where Lovers often meet,  
 And pass the silent Hours,  
 With melting Kisses sweet,  
 Of all th Country Pleasures,  
 I'll take a long Adieu,  
 For I have no more Leisure,  
 To spend away with you.

## Unfortunate CELIA by MR WM HODSON

CELIA has Charms in Ev'ry feature in Shape and Air a

Love ly Creature yet Cannot CELIA with her Charms Secure a

Lo'ver to her Arms

## 2

Too often she Consults her Glass,  
 An like Narcissus Loves her face,  
 Pleas'd with a form so fair so fine,  
 She thinks, She must be all Divine,

## 3

Unfit for Man, She man Disdains,  
 Thus Pride destroys what Beauty gains,  
 O' mayst thou Live a maid, till Love  
 Shall prize thy Charms, and teach thee Love,

## For the FLUTE

## Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae

And gin ye meet a bonny Lassie, Gie'er a Kifs, and let her gae, But  
 If ye meet a dir-ty Husly, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae Be sureye  
 din-na quat the Grip of ilka Joy, when ye are young, Before auld  
 Age your Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung,

Sweet Youth is a blyth and hartfome Time,  
 Then Lads and Lasses while tis may,  
 Gae pu the Gowan in its Prime,  
 Before it wither and decay,  
 Watch the saft Minutes of Delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath,  
 And Kifles laying a the Wyte,  
 On you if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook,  
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,  
Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
And plainly till you to your Face  
Nineteen Na-fays are half a Grant

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,  
And sweetly toolie for a Kifs.  
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,  
As Taiken of a future Bliss.  
Thee Bennisons I'm very sure,  
Are of the Gods indlgent Grant,  
Then furly Carles, whislit, forbear,  
To plague us with your whining Cant.

For the FLUTE



The NUT-BROWN MAID The words by M<sup>G</sup>RIFFIN

The Country Maid, in Ruffet clad, Does many a time fur-pass, in Shape and  
Air, And Beauty rare, The Court or Town-bred Lass.

And such as proud  
Of Gentile Blood,  
Her humble Birth upbraid,  
Their richest Veins,  
No Drop contains  
Like that of the Nut-brown Maid,

The City Lass,  
With Wainscot face,  
By Parents made a Fool,  
Is sent to Dance,  
To read Romance,  
And play the Romp at School,

Till careful Dad,  
Provides a Lad,  
By golden Hopes betray'd,  
For Better or Worse,  
To take the Purse,  
Instead of the Nut-brown Maid.

The Courtly She,  
Of High Degree,  
Adorns her Breast and Head,  
Perfumes and Paints,  
Because she wants  
The natural White and Red,

But those that chuse,  
Such Arts to use,  
With all their costly Aid,  
Shall never flew,  
A Cheek or Brow,  
Like that of the Nut-brown Maid.

Try all Mankind,  
And you shall find,  
Tho' ne'er so Rich or Great,  
The Gay the Grave,  
The Young the Brave,  
All love the soft Brunet,

Since none deny,  
This Truth then why,  
Should Love be disobey'd?  
Why should not she  
A Countess be,  
Tho' born but a Nut-brown Maid;

The Friendly Advice to BRUNETTA set by M<sup>r</sup> JAMES

Oh ye BRUNETTA cease those Sighs Which hour by  
 Break your Peace; and scorn the Swain who From your  
 Flies, Or comes to wound your Ease

Alas you now full Seven years,  
 Have drag'd Loves Slavish Chain,  
 yet no Redress Save briny teares,  
 To keep the PAPHIAN pain,

With courage face your favour'd foe,  
 And Set him at Defiance.  
 He braves your grief, adds to your woe,  
 And Laughs at kind Compliance,

But fair One was you unconfid;  
 A happier fate you'd meet.  
 New Lovers Soon wou'd Speak their Mind,  
 And fall Down at your feet.

## FLUTE

Set by MR GALLIARD

Sym

You

Follow but in vain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain your whining and your

Pining does but raise my Just disdain but raise my Just disdain you

Follow but in vain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain

All your whining and y' pining does but raise my Just disdain but raise my

Jud disdain

From

Vain deceit full Man my haart shall still by free None e'er with pride shall

Reign and Lord it over me and Lord it over me none ere with pride

Shall Reign none ere with pride shall Reign shall Reign and

Lord it over me and Lord it over me D.C.

## A Song by MR JOHN ALLOCOCK

When ere for each Other we feel Soft friendship our souls to possess

Love After doth easily steal but then where's the Cure or Redress pro-

posing our Hearts to be lieve indifference those passions re move Ah

Phillis our selves we deceive Life must End in Hatred or Love

## FLUTE

## The CONQUEST

Strephon a young unthinking Swain Swore by all the Powers a...  
 hove Woman shoid Strive and Strive in Vain to too raise his  
 Conquering Soul to Love

CLOE came Smiling on the green,  
 In vain was all her heavn of Charms,  
 Her blooming air and gracefull mien,  
 To gain admittance to his Arms,

But When Clorinda's Sparking Eyes,  
 Flamed on the youth he to her flew,  
 Stars Shall as Soon forsake the Skies,  
 As STREPHON happy STREPHON you,

JOVE Smil'd to See the Captive youth,  
 Such Periuries the Gods allow;  
 And cry'd didst think to keep thy oath,  
 Twas more than JOVE himself cold do,

## FLUTE

## The COUNTRY DELIGHT

A Country life is sweet in Moderate cold or heat to walk in

The Air so pleasant and fair is every Field of Wheat The Goddess

Of Flowers adorning her Bowers and every Maid a Beau there

fore I say no Courtier may tho ne'er so gay Compare with

They that follow the painfull Plow that follow the painful

Plow

119

We rise with the morning Lark,  
And Labour till almost dark,  
In turning the Soil we whistle and toil,  
and often do stop to hark,  
While Flowers are Springing,  
To Birds who are Singing,  
In every bush or bough,  
With what Content and Merriment,  
His days are Spent that's fully bent,  
To follow the painfull plow To  $\frac{3}{4}$  c.

The Country Lads repair,  
To every Wake or Fair,  
With SARAH and SUE KATE BRIDGET & PRU,  
Each Loving and constant pair,  
In seasons of Leisure,  
Thus taking the pleasure,  
Which Innocence allow,  
The rural Train gangs o'er the plain,  
Thro snow or Rain with Speed again,  
To follow the painfull plow To  $\frac{3}{4}$  c.

To all the Country Wakes,  
The Shepherd his Shepherdes takes,  
No sorrow nor Care does there e'er appear,  
To sow'r their good Ale and Cakes,  
When home they're returning,  
With Garlands adorning,  
Each Nymph does repay her Swain  
With Mutual Love blest from above  
Then Leave the Groves Where CUPID roves  
To follow the painfull plow To  $\frac{3}{4}$  c

F L U T E



The SCOTCH LASS A New Song by MR BOWMAN

O the Lads of EDINBRO They are Elyth and Jolly Fine as  
LAIRD'S frae Tap to Toe Free frae Melancholy Had I on wi me to  
Lig I Would be Contented I d nae Laugher care a Feg what my Kin resented

WILLIE hes a Bonny Lad,  
O! I wish he'd wed me,  
He shaud ken Ise nae afraid,  
When he gangs to bed me,  
All night Lang Ise neer complain,  
Tho he jog'd me Sprightly,  
But wauld buckle too amain,  
When he meant to Slight me,

MITHER she a Wife has bin,  
Fourteen Bearns she weaned,  
Time it is Ishaud begin,  
Nature she sae meanded,  
O Some Lad of EDINBRO,  
Tauke me fore I'm fading,  
If you Lag the faults on you,  
That I Lig a Maiden,

FLUTE

O the Lads of EDINBRO They are Elyth and Jolly Fine as  
LAIRD'S frae Tap to Toe Free frae Melancholy Had I on wi me to  
Lig I Would be Contented I d nae Laugher care a Feg what my Kin resented

## Words to a Favourite Minuet of Mr. HANDEL'S

WHY this talking still of dy-ing, Why this dismal look and groan;

Leave, fond Lover, leave your sighing; Let these fruitless arts a-lone.

Love's the child of joy and pleasure, Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;

Much a-miss you take your measure, This dull whining way to hit, hit,

This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,  
 By th'effect they see in you;  
 If you would be truly moving,  
 Eagerly the point pursue:  
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing:  
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;  
 All this talking, and no doing,  
 Will not love, but hate, increase.

## The Words &amp; Musick by Mr. Carey

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words written above the staff and others below. The first staff starts with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:
   
 Come hither my Country's Squire, Take friendly Instructions from
   
 me: The Lords shall admire, Thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall
   
 Languish for thee: Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaun-
   
 ting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou ne'er like a Clown shalt quit
   
 London's sweet Town To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,  
 With little more brim than Lace;  
 Nine Hairs on a Side,  
 To a Pigs Tail ty'd,  
 will set off thy Jolly broad Face.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,  
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,  
 Then frizz like a Shock,  
 And Plaister thy Block,  
 And Buckle thy Shoes at the Toes,  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

A brace of Ladies fair,  
 To pleasure thee shall strive,  
 In a Chaife and Pair,  
 They shall take the Air,  
 And thou in the Box shalt drive.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Cash,  
 And saw thy Timber down,  
 Who'd keep such Trash,  
 And not cut a Flash,  
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

### FLUTE.



## ADVICE to CELIA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Fie! CELIA, scorn the little Arts Which meaner Beauties  
use, Who think they can't secure our Hearts, Unless they  
still re-fuse: Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To  
raise our Passions higher; But when the poor Delight is  
known, It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,  
• Or stop you know not why;  
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
What Death you mean to die.  
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,  
And Love no more be crost;  
Ah. CELIA, when the Joys are known,  
You'll curse the Minutes lost.

Set by Mr. WILSON.

Andante

To thee, Oh gentle Sleep, alone. Is owing all our  
 Peace; By thee, our Joys are heighten'd shown, By  
 thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph, whose hand, by Fraud or Force,  
 Some Tyrant has possest'd;  
 By thee, obtaining a Divorce,  
 In her own Choice is blest.

Oh stay, ARPASIA bids thee stay,  
 The sadly weeping Fair,  
 Conjures thee not to lose in Day,  
 The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;  
 That Motion chas'd her sleep:  
 Thus, by our selves are oftenst wrought,  
 The Griefs for which we weep.

FLUTE.

Andante

DID ever Lover thus compel His Mistress to a-dore him, Was ever Lover  
 arm'd so well, With Pistols cock'd before him; But you, perhaps, ne'er  
 thought of Love, and only meant to plunder, So judg'd y<sup>e</sup> surest way to move, Was  
 to declare in Thunder, in Thunder, Was to declare in Thunder.

## FLUTE.

## To CLOE. Set by Mr. PURCELL.

(G 2)   
 WHAT is Power, what a Crown, If for them I quit thy  
 (D 2)   
 Charms, What is Honour, or Renown, What's a Kingdom  
 (G 2)   
 to thy Arms. Crowns, successive ills attending, Give e-  
 (D 2)   
 ternal Care and Pain, In thy Arms Joys never ending  
 (G 2)   
 There a lone let STREPHON Reign. <sup>3</sup>  
 (D 2)   
 FLUTE

FLORELLA. Set by Mr. WILSON.

WHY will FLORELLA, when I gaze, My r----vish'd  
 Eyes re-prove; And chide them from the on-ly Face, They  
 can behold with love. To shun your scorn, and ease my  
 Care, I seek a Nymph more kind. And while I rove from  
 Fair to Fair, Still gentler u---fage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,  
 Where Nature has no part,  
 New Beauties may my eyes employ,  
 But you engage my Heart.  
 So restless Exiles as they roam,  
 Meet pity ev'ry where,  
 But languish for their Native home,  
 Tho' Death attends them there.

## A Song by MR SAM'S

IN person so pretty in converse most witty, between Court and  
 Citty, her equals are few, G'e'ntel in Addresing, good Nature Pof-  
 fessing, and what's more a Blessing to honour is true, /

Grandeur dispising,  
 By Philosophising,  
 On the Evils arising,  
 From such Splendid woe,  
 In temper ever Easy,  
 Her wit's not to tease ye,  
 But ever to Please ye,  
 With Quelque chose Nouveaux.

## FLUTE

VOL IV.

## The MAIDS Request Set by M'SAMS.

Wou'd kind fate bestow a Lover He alone my Vows Should gain  
 In whose Soul I might discover Nothing gaudy Nothing - Vain  
 Virtue mix'd with constant Passion, in his honest breast should shine,  
 Free from Pride and Ostentation Noble blamless and Devine,

Flowing Sence and manly Graces,  
 Shou'd enrich his Soaring mind,  
 Still despising what e'er base is,  
 Ever faithfull ever kind,  
 Wisdom by discretion guided,  
 Ioynd to Judgment Sound and true,  
 From his Noble heart divided,  
 What's unworthy to pursue.

Always clearfull pleasant Airy,  
 Even temper'd soft and Gay,  
 Never falsly prone to vary,  
 Or from Reason's dictates Stray,  
 Nothing haughty base or Cruel,  
 Shou'd his Spotless glory Stain,  
 Nought but honours Sacred fuel,  
 In my heroes breast shou'd reign.

## FLUTE



## CORYDON'S COMPLAINT to a SCOTCH AIR,

Music for Voice and Flute, in common time. The vocal line is in soprano clef. The lyrics are as follows:

As Love-sick Co-ry-don beside A murmur-ring Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd  
 He his Cof me lia's Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a...way, Fair  
 Stream, said he, when e'er you pour Your Treasure in the Sea To...  
 Sea Nymphis tell what I endure Perhaps the'll pi...ty me,

And, sitting on the clifly Rocks,  
 In melting Songs, exprest,  
 While as they comb their golden Locks,  
 To Trav'lers my Distrefs,  
 Say Corydon, an honest Swain,  
 The fair Cosmilia lov'd,  
 While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,  
 His constant Torture prov'd,

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess,  
 More faithfully than he,  
 Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less,  
 Of Shepherdess cou'd be.  
 How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,  
 Did He, alas! complain!  
 How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,  
 And seem'd to share his Pain!

How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,  
 And on the tufted Greens,  
 Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,  
 And what his Soul sustains;  
 Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,  
 And fruitless all his Art!  
 She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,  
 And broke, at last, his Heart.

For the FLUTE



## A Song, Set by Mr D-Fox.

CLOE my Dear when You're Nigh, I think my Soul his Heavn in.

View And wants but Liber-ty to fly, to Taste those Joys..... Re...

...por'd in You Pardon me I..f I Speak too Free, but' Tis with...

Love in-Spir'd by The,

Oh that I might for Ever Gaze ,  
 On that Celestial form of Thine ,  
 And on that Sweet Enchanting face  
 Which has Enslav'd this Heart of mine  
 \$: But that's a Term Which I no more  
 Must use Since Tis within Your Pow'r ; \$:

Woud you but with Sincerily  
 Repeat those words You've Spoke in Iest  
 ThenMight I without Vanily  
 Account my Self Compleatly Blest  
 \$: I ne'er woud Range but Rest eah Night  
 Within thy Arms in Sweet Delight ; \$:

## The British Muses an ODE


 The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, treble clef, and C major. The lyrics are written in italics below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The lyrics are as follows:
   
 As the Delian God, to fam'd Helicon, from Heaven's high
   
 Court Decended down, there the Tunefull Muses Playing he
   
 Found, a Sonata divinely rare, when Thalia touch't the
   
 Charming Flute, Errato Strook the warbling Lute, and
   
 CLIO'S treble Ioyning too't, made the Harmony Beyond
   
 Compare, then EUTERPE'S full Bass, the Sweet Comfort did

A handwritten musical score for a single voice part and a basso continuo part. The score consists of eight staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the continuo. The music is in common time. The voice part uses a soprano C-clef, and the continuo part uses a bass F-clef. The music is written in a staff notation with vertical stems and horizontal bar lines. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the vocal part. The lyrics are as follows:

Raise, and with Pleasure each Sence alarm'd, er'y  
Note was enjoy'd, er'y hand was employ'd with Sounds  
Of Ioy the Flowry valleys rung, APOLLO gaz'd and  
Silent was his tongue but when his dear CALLIOPE Sung,  
Ah then the GOD was Charm'd.

## The EXTREAMS A Song Set by MR SAM'S.

Slow

WHEN e'er I'm absent from my fair, ye Gods what Torments,

rend my Breast, I pine, I Languish and despair, nor ought can

Sooth my woes to rest; But soon as Gentle Cupid brings our

Arms to Twine, our Lips to Kifs, My Soul, trans Ported,

Plumes her wings, and flys... and flys... and flys to seats of

heay nly Blifs.

## The Highland Laddie

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The lyrics are as follows:

O My bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my bonny bonny  
 Highland Laddie, when I was Sick and Like to die, he  
 Row'd me in his Highland Plaidy,

The Lawland Lads think they are fine;  
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy!  
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,  
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie,  
 O my bonny, &c,

If I were free at Will to chuse,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,  
 With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c,

The Brawest Beau in Borrowtoun,  
 In a'his Airs, with Art made ready,  
 Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown,  
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c,

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady,  
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summers Sun,  
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c,

A painted Room, and silken Bed,  
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady,  
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,  
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pafs,  
 I'ca him my dear Highland Laddie,  
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie.

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 When I was sick and like to die,  
 He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy.

A Song Set by MR ABIEL WHICHELLO

WHAT is there in this foolish Life, for which we vainly hope,  
 That Mortal Wights can call their own, Riches are on a sudden flown,  
 And ev'n our Wives e' llope.

we cannot find that sought-for Stone,  
 Nor yet Life's grand Elixir,  
 Beauty is frail; and as for Fame,  
 She's grown so slippery a Dame,  
 No Soul on Earth can fix her,

Health is unwilling long to stay,  
 And Quacks themselves grow sick;  
 Honours but small Distinctions make,  
 What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,  
 And Nobles run a-tick;

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls,  
 Have th' only certain Good;  
 But, spite of Philosophick Rules,  
 Old Age and Croffes make us Fools,  
 Temptations make us lewd,

Nay when thou feest the blushing Wine,  
 Red sparkling in thy Hand,  
 Thou'l think, at least, this Liquor's mine,  
 Though all the envious Powers combine,  
 Yet this I dare command,

But all a thousand Things fall out,  
 Betwixt the Lip and Cup,  
 With Caution put the Glass about,  
 The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,  
 Till you have drank it up.

But when delicious through the Throat,  
 we feel the Stream run down,  
 We've found the mighty Thing we sought,  
 That's Ours indeed that that dear Draught,  
 We justly call Our own.

## A Song Set by Mr Sams

PHILLIS I can ne're Forgive it, nor, I think, Shall e're out live it,

Thus you treat me so Severly, who have always Lov'd Sincerely; Damon

You so fondly Cherish, whilst poor I alas, may perish; I that lov'd, which

He did never me you Slight and him you favour

For The FLUTE

The musical score for the flute consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (C) and the third is in 6/8 time (6). The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having vertical lines extending above or below the staff. There are also several 'x' marks and asterisks placed on specific notes and rests, likely indicating performance techniques or specific fingerings.

141

A Touch on the Times . by MR H . CAREY .

A Merry Land by this Light we laugh at our own undoing And

labour with all our Might for Slavery and Ruin new

Factions we daily raise new Maxims we're ever instilling and

him that to Day we praise To Morrows a Rogue and a Villain

65      6

2  
The cunning Politician

Whose aim is to Gull the People

Begins his Cant of Sedition

With Folks have a Care of the Steeple

The Populace this alarms

They bluster they Bounce and they Vapour

The Nations up in Arms

And the Devil begins to caper

The Statemen rail at each other,  
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,  
 They make a most damnable Pother,  
 Of National Int'rest and Glory,  
 Their Hearts they are Bitter 'tas Gall,  
 Tho their Tongues are sweeter then Honey,  
 They don't care a Figg for us all,  
 But only to finger our Money.

If my Friend be an Honest Lad  
 I never ask his Religion  
 Distinctions make us all mad  
 And ought to be had in Derision  
 They christen us **TORIES** and **WHIGS**  
 When the best of 'em both is an Evil  
 But we'll be no Party Prigs  
 Let such Godfathers go to the D-1

Too long have they had their Ends  
 In setting us one against t'other  
 And sowing such strife among Friends  
 That Brother hated Brother  
 But we'll for the future be wise  
 Grow sociable honest and Hearty  
 We'll all their Arts despise  
 And laugh at the Name of a Party

flute



145

Sung in the Comedy call'd The WIFE, of BATH The Words by  
MR. GAY.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C') and a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'F'). The vocal line (top staff) contains lyrics in a cursive hand. The lyrics are as follows:

There was an a Swain full fair, was tripping it over the  
Grafs, And there he spy'd with her Nut-brown Hair A pretty tight  
Country Lass. Fair Damsel, says he, With an Air brisk and free, Come,  
let us each o - ther know: She blush'd in his Face, And reply'd with  
a Grace, Pray forbear, Sir, Pray forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, no, no,  
no, no, no, no, no, no,

The Lad being Bolder Grown  
 Endeavour'd to Steal a Kifs  
 She Cry'd Pish let me alone  
 But held up her Nose for the Blifs  
 And when he begun  
 She woud never have done  
 But unto his Lips she did grow  
 Near smother'd to Death  
 Affoon as she'd Breath  
 She Stammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come come says he pretty Maid  
 Lets Walk to yon private Grove  
 CUPID always delights in the cooling Shade  
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:  
 She mends her Pace  
 And hastes to the Place  
 But if her Lecture you'd Know  
 Let a Bashful young Muse  
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse  
 And answser you No, no, no, no, &c.

## FLUTE



## A Hunting SONG by Mr. CAREY.

AWAY, away, we've Crown'd the Day, we've Crown'd the Day, a-  
 way, away, we've Crown'd the Day, The Hounds are waiting for their Prey.  
 The Huntsman's call invites ye all, the Huntsman's call invites ye all, Come  
 in, come in Boys, while you may, come in, come in Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn,  
 The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds.  
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys.  
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys.  
 Come in, come in Boys, while you may, come in &c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, the Husband's fee,  
 The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, and let him take it not in scorn.  
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,  
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,  
 Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn, have not &c.

